National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Selections.

GOV. HUNT ON THE EXPATRIATION OF THE FREE COLOURED PEOPLE.

[EXTRACT FROM THE MESSAGE.]

It cannot be disguised that the legislation of Congress on measures of practical importance has been seriously impeded by the sectional collisions which have too long disturbed the repose of the country. The controverted questions arising from our late territorial acquisitions, having been settled, we may reasonably hope that a recurrence of similar difficulties will be avoided by steady perseverance in a wise, moderate and conservative policy. Let us also indulge the hope that with the removal of its most prominent cause, the spirit of sectional contention, so pernicious to the national prosperity, and so repugnant to the purposes of the federal compact, may speedily disappear from the political horizon. It is time that angry strife and unworthy jealousies between the Northern and Southern portions of the United States, should be banished forever, and that our public councils be inspired once more by the sentiments of mutual confidence and attachment which animated the whole people in the struggle for independence and the formation of the Union. In the free exercise of the inherent and vital right of opinion and discussion, zeal should be tempered by toleration and forbearance, and a just regard for the constitutional rights of all sections of the country.

When we recur to the original design and true theory of our federal system, every candid mind must acknowledge that there is no sufficient cause for keeping alive feelings of aversion and ill-will between the members of a voluntary confederacy, whose firm and perpetual union forms the only sure foundation for the freedom and happiness of the American people, and the hopes of liberty throughout the globe. On a calm survey of our political condition, we perceive that the federal authority was created for purposes of a general and national character; for the conservation of common rights and the protection of interests in which all the States, however diversified their internal condition, have a joint and equal concern. The Constitution having wisely left the States free to regulate their domestic affairs, the dissimilarity in their local institutions furnishes no just ground for mutual complaints and reproaches. These differences of social and municipal organization existed among the American colonies; they were produced by causes over which the founders of the Constitution had no control, and for which we, their descendants, cannot be deemed responsible. They were not sufficient to prevent Washington and his compeers from blending divers interests by mutual concessions, and rearing the noblest edifice of free government which the world has seen.

Why, then, should they be permitted to embitter our councils, and weaken the political ties which constitute us one people? In the conduct of our national concerns, why should the progress of the country be retarded and its best interests forgotten in vain disputes upon questions which each State must decide for itself, and over which we have no control?

In my reflections upon this subject, I have not permitted myself to doubt that the spirit of disunion which no concessions can appease, and the fanaticism which sees evil continually, and luxuriates in factious strife, will exhaust themselves in the madness of their manifestations, without seriously endangering the stability of our National institutions. I adhere to the conviction expressed in my last annual communication, that the great body of the people, as well in our own State as in every portion of our widely extended confederacy, continue to cherish an ardent attachment to the Union; that they desire to see the Constitution administered in a spirit of moderation and equal justice towards the rights of all sections; and that they will "indignantly frown upon every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts."

The position and ultimate destiny of the African race on this continent is a subject eminently worthy to engage the attention of the humane and benevolent. The highest motives of patriotism and religion prompt us to co-operate in all rational measures intended to improve their unfortunate condition. But it is of the first importance in considering a question of this magnitude, surrounded by so many embarrassments, that we should discard the passions and prejudices which are too ready to usurp the place of common sense; that the spirit of faction should yield to the higher sentiment of a sure and generous philosophy; and that in this, as in ordinary concerns of life, we seek for a plan having some practical connection with the object of our efforts. We are to enquire, not merely what may be desirable, but, in view of the realities around us, how much is attainable and what course of action will produce the most beneficial results? The negro race was brought to this continent almost as early as the white, and continued to be imported for nearly two hundred years. It is one of the most revolting features in the world's history, that during this entire period the most of the civilized nations participated in the Slave Trade. All of the thirteen colonies tolerated Slavery within their borders.

The people of this State have furnished conclusive proofs of their aversion to Slavery, and of their abiding conviction that it is a moral and political evil, by abolishing it at home, and by their uniform opposition to its extention over free territory acquired by the arms and treasure of the nation.

In the Southern States of this Union, where the slaves form so large a part of the population, we cannot expect that the institution will disappear in a day or in a generation. It has become too deeply rooted and too closely interwoven with social and pecuniary interests to yield to sudden or violent measures of reform. The progress of amelioration must, in the nature of things, be gradual. It must be left to the voluntary action of the people more immediately concerned, experience having shown that we have more to hope from their own inherent sense of justice and policy than from any interference that may be proposed by misdirected philanthropy, operating at a great distance from its object. The anomalous position of the free coloured population undoubtedly forms one of the most serious obstacles to the gradual liberation of the slaves. We cannot close our eyes to the fact, that although the free people of colour enjoy a certain degree of liberty, they are commonly treated, both in the free and slave States, as an inferior race, and deprived of the social and political rights without which freedom is but an empty name. Even in our own State they are excluded from the most essential privileges of citizenship. Debarred from all participation in public enjoyments, rejected from most of the institutions of learning and religion, governed by laws which they have no share in framing, having been denied the right of suffrage by a vast popular majority, shut out from social intercourse, and condemned to a life of servility and drudgery, their condition amongst us is deplorable in the extreme. Any great improvement of their condition under circumstances so calculated to crush the spirit of manhood, seems utterly impossible.

The blighting effect of the inferiority to which they are subjected, is seen in the fact, that while every other class has rapidly increased, the coloured population of this State has dwindled from 50,027 in 1840 to 47,937 in 1850. A result so remarkable naturally excites apprehensions that the African, like the Indian race, cannot permanently co-exist on the same soil with the whites, and that a separation is necessary to prevent their ultimate extinction. However unjust the pervading prejudice which affects the public sentiment toward the black race may appear, its existence and its unfavourable effect upon their welfare cannot be disputed. In several States, this antipathy is displayed in laws prohibiting negroes coming within their borders. The people of Indiana adopted a resolution of that character last year by an extraordinary majority. It is evident that every scheme for the elevation of the African to a position of equality and full citizenship in our country, must prove delusive until pride and the sense of superiority shall have been extirpated from the human heart. The instincts of nature, too powerful to be counteracted by the refinements of abstract reasoning, proclaim that the two races must sooner or later be separated.

The American Colonisation Society presents the only organized agency which has contributed to accelerate this separation or produce practical results beneficial to the African race. This association was formed many years ago by benevolent citizens in different sections of the country, and has for its objects to rescue the free coloured people of the United States from their social and political advantages, by placing them where they may enjoy the blessings of free government; to spread civilization and religion throughout the continent of Africa; to arrest and destroy the Slave Trade, and to afford such owners as are willing to liberate their slaves, an asylum for their reception. For the accomplishment of these noble designs, a colony, composed of free coloured persons emigrating voluntarily from this country, has been established in Liberia, on the western coast of Africa. For years the enterprise encountered many obstacles, but these have been overcome by persevering efforts. A careful examination has convinced me of the feasibility and immense advantage of the undertaking, and of its pre-eminent claims upon our support. Under the auspices of the society, nearly 10,000 free coloured persons have emigrated, many of them being slaves liberated on that condition. They have established a free republican government, and acquired by a peaceful means a large extent of country, embracing 200,000 people, and abounding in the elements of agricultural and commercial prosperity. They have shown themselves competent to make their own laws and administer their affairs with regularity and justice. Industry prospers, schools and churches have been established, and the people of this infant colony, carrying with them the knowledge acquired in the scene of their former humiliation, are spreading Christianity and civilization over a portion of the earth which has been sunk for ages in heathen barbarism. The value of this consideration will be felt when it is remembered that the population of Africa is computed at 150,000,000, of whom a majority are in the most abject Slavery. By the efforts of the new republic the Slave Trade has been suppressed along several hundred miles of coast, and the extension of settlements will extirpate that detestable traffic. Thus we perceive that this great work of humanity may claim the double merit of redeeming another continent from degradation, while it improves the condition of their own. It needs no prophetic vision to foresee that one of the great designs of a mysterious Providence is to be fulfilled by restoring the oppressed sons of Africa to their native soil after centuries of bondage.

A cause so beneficent, identified with the lasting welfare of two of the great races of mankind, rises high above the party contests of the day, and appeals with resistless force to the justice and humanity of the whole American people. I hope to see it sustained by the liberal action of the National Government, seconded by contributions from several of the States. The employment of Government steamers to transport coloured emigrants from this country, would soon obviate the necessity for a naval squadron on the coast of Africa, which is now maintained there by the United States at great expense and loss of life, for the suppression of the Slave Traffic. It may be objected to the claims of the Colonisation Society that its operations are gradual, and that the consummation of its purposes will require a long series of years. But we should reflect that it is impossible to remove an evil of such magnitude by any human means within the period allotted to a single generation. It is not to be denied that the efforts of the association have secured the liberation of several thousand slaves, a result more practical and beneficial than has been produced by any other organization. Until some portion of this continent or of the West India Islands shall be set apart for the exclusive habitation of the coloured race, African colonisation must be regarded as the only effective auxiliary of voluntary emancipation.

A growing desire to emigrate is manifested by the black population, and many masters have declared their readiness to free their slaves when means can be found for their removal. Some of the States have made considerable appropriations to promote the object, and an increasing interest has been evinced by others. New York ought not to be behind her neighbours in the performance of a duty so important to her own welfare, and so beneficial to a large portion of the human family, now held in melancholy abasement. It is a work in which Christians and patriots of all parties and in all sections can unite their efforts without involving the country in political or geographical dissensions. I submit the whole subject to your enlightened consideration, in the firm belief that upon a full examination of its merits you will deem it in accordance with justice and policy, and an enlightened public sentiment, to manifest your approval of the cause by a liberal appropriation for the furtherance of its benevolent designs.

Having fully determined to retire from office at the close of my term, I trust I may be permitted to avail myself of the present opportunity to renew to my fellow-citizens an expression of my profound gratitude for the honours conferred upon me by their confidence, assuring them of my continual aspirations for the advancement of my native State in virtue, prosperity and happiness.

WASHINGTON HUNT.

Meeting of the Coloured People of New York.

DETERMINED OPPOSITION TO THE COLONISATION SOCIETY.

Corrected from a Report in the New York Herald.

ON Tuesday evening, the 13th inst., a highly respectable meeting of coloured citizens took place at the Abysinian Baptist Coloured Church, in Anthony street, near West Broadway, in pursuance of the following call:

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

COLOURED MEN, AROUSE! AROUSE! AROUSE!

There are traitors among us—coloured men allied with our oppressors—men who, to satisfy their selfish ends, to put money in their purses, are uniting their influence with those who would drive us from our country. Is this to be? You will not remain indifferent with this fact before your eyes? No, no! You that love your sacred altars, here erected to God—that reverence this your home—you, that are willing to struggle and endure for your country's redemption, for the triumphing of justice and right—you cannot be enticed or driven from your enslaved brethren. No, no! Then attend a meeting, to be held at the Abysinian Baptist Church, Anthony street, near West Broadway, on Tuesday evening, 13th inst., of all persons opposed to African colonisation.

Come one, come all—maidens and mothers, brothers and sisters, fathers and all—come, come, and proclaim to the world your unanimous resolve not to leave the country. By order of the

COMMITTEE OF THIRTEEN.

NEW YORK, Jan. 8, 1852.

The meeting was called to order at a quarter to eight o'clock, by the nomination of the Rev. John T. Raymond as President, T. A. Bell and Robert S. Meakin, Vice Presidents, and Messrs. Joiner, White and Comick as Secretaries. The proceedings were opened by a prayer appropriate to the occasion, offered by the Rev. Dr. Pennington, wherein he denounced the foul system of colonisation recommended to the coloured people, and trusted that the villanous policy would be frustrated. He trusted they would yet have their privileges acknowledge in this country, and that they would no longer hear the doctrine that it was necessary for them to go four thousand miles to be made men.

Mr. GEORGE T. DOWNING rose to move the resolutions, but would first take the opportunity of making some brief remarks. He would say that the abused, despised, outraged coloured men were yet linked with all that is great and good in this land; that God Almighty has bound them together. Who can burst these bonds? My heart shudders at the thought of the weight of sin and iniquity which must bear on the conscience of Governor Hunt—and those oppressors who were striving to drive us from our homes—from this country to which we are fixed—where our destiny is allied for the country's sake—for the triumphing of a grand principle. But who can fathom the depth and infamy, the guilt, everlasting shame, and contempt, which will hang round the name of that coloured man who will raise his hand to stay the will of God in this way? Wo, wo—a thousand times wo on his accursed head. Mr. Downing then proceeded to read the following resolutions which were afterwards put by the Chairman, and carried by acclamation:

Whereas, it is evident that the only excuse left the Colonisation Society for keeping up its organization, is in the appeal to the Christian portion of the community to evangelize Africa; and whereas American influences and American prejudices exercised over the native population by ignorant American emigrants are not capable of bringing about a high state of civilization or christianity in Africa—therefore,

Resolved. That we see no reasonable grounds for the continuance of the American Colonisation Society.

Resolved, That neither the unjust prejudice exercised against us by the descendants of those by whose sides our fathers fought, bled and died for the common liberty of all, nor the love of that eradicator of American prejudice, that elevator to all the privileges of American society—money—shall induce us, as it has a few renegade coloured men, to sell the cause of our oppressed brethren, and forsake the land of our birth, and the glory of our moral greatness, by an ignominious flight to the pestilential shores of Africa.

Resolved, That we see in the present advanced condition of our people in this country, the proof of the wisdom of those who maintained our right to our home birth, at the organization of the Colonisation Society.

Resolved, That we regard these United States as the best field for the development of the mental and moral faculties of the coloured man.

Resolved, That our sympathy for the three and a half millions of our brethren held as slaves at the South, forbids us leaving them to the cruelties of the slaveholders.

Resolved, That colonisation is not and cannot be a remedy to the anguished American heart for the wrongs perpetrated upon American citizens on account of the colour of their skin.

Resolved, That the New York and Liberia Agricultural and Emigration Association demands at our hands unqualified condemnation and censure, because it is a false and deceptive movement; because it is an ally of the Colonisation Society—the coloured man's uncompromising enemy—our country's foe.

Resolved, That we caution the public against contributing their money to irresponsible persons, under any guise whatsoever; but more especially to persons who, whilst they may prate much about their going to Africa, have never seriously entertained the idea.

Resolved, That that coloured man who would trade in the prejudice manifested against his people in this country, for his personal benefit, in opposition to the sentiments of the masses, deserves the opprobrium of the people whose cause he ingloriously betrays, and is unworthy of our social esteem.

Resolved, That the advocacy of the Fugitive Slave law, by leading colonisationists throughout the country, and the energy they have displayed to secure its enforcement by any and every means, and the measures they have set on foot to secure the appropriation of national and State funds for the expatriation of free coloured men from their homes to Liberia, as well as a resort to every means of oppression in their power against us, and the prostitution of the sanctity of religion to the demands of prejudice and caste, are so many evidences that this law, infamous in all its features, was designed more to oppress, to harrass, and to dampen the aspirations of free coloured men, than to secure a return of those who may have fled from bondage.

Whereas, The Governor of the State of New York did, in his last annual message, recommend to the Legislature the appropriation of State funds for the purpose of transporting a portion of the citizens of the State to a barbarous country, thousands of miles beyond the limits of its territory; and whereas, said appropriation has not been asked for by any of the citizens proposed to be removed, but who on the contrary have, for a long series of years, unceasingly protested against the whole scheme of colonisation—therefore,

Resolved, That said recommendation is, in our estimation, not only sinister towards us, the class specified, but that we view it as being both unchristian and unconstitutional; unchristian, because it does not recommend to the wrong-doer instantaneous cessation from his evil course, and to do unto his injured neighbour precisely as he would wish to be done by in like circumstances; and unconstitutional because there is no power given to the Legislature, by the constitution, to make appropriation of public funds for the purpose of removing any portion of her law-abiding and inoffensive citizens beyond the bounds of the State.

Resolved, That one of the most direct and effective modes of warding off the evil influences of colonisation is to direct the attention of our people to the superior advantages accessible to them in this country, and endeavour to establish such practical enterprises as will elevate them here.

Resolved, That we recommend our people to obtain real estate, and thus, if possible, be even more indissolubly linked with the soil.

Resolved, That we renew our petition to the Legislature for an extension of the suffrage, as a right which we should enjoy as American citizens.

Rev. Dr. PENNINGTON next came forward to address the meeting. He did not commit himself to every shade and title of what was comprised in the resolutions which had been read. Of course they could not expect he would do so. But he would say that his antagonism to the colonisation scheme was not a new platform to him. He had written on the subject twenty-one years ago, and he would, with the permission of the audience, read some extracts from what he had then published, and which is given in "Garrison's Thoughts on Colonisation." Mr. P. then read copious extracts from this publication, denunciatory of the scheme of African colonisation. They were not strangers in this country, nor aliens. The constitution did not call on them to be naturalized. They were already American citizens. Their fathers had been among the first to people this country. Their sweat and tears had been the means, in a measure, of raising her to the elevation she enjoys. Many of them fought, and bled, and died for her liberty. And should they now forsake their tombs and flee to an unknown land? No! let them remain until the day arrives when "Ethiopia shall stretch forth her hands to God." These were the sentiments which he then held, and which he still entertained. His mind was not changed one iota in respect to the African Colonisation Society. There were one or two points on which their minds ought to be intelligent just now. One of them is the fact, that that society is not changed in character, not changed in its composition, not changed in its elements, not changed in its policy. It is the same now that it was twenty years ago. It consists, to a great extent, of the same men, and pursues the same line of policy. Whatever may have been the modifications introduced in some of its publications, or in the speeches of some of its members, he still regarded it as the same in every material respect. He had been lecturing some few weeks ago, and had found it convenient to clip some matters from the colonisation reports, and he has found that the last report speaks exactly the same meaning as that of twenty years ago, in respect to the colony. There are men connected with that society, who, he believed, were too kind to hurl a stone at a mad dog; yet they would not scruple to raise their voice and cry, "Mad dog," and then leave the rest to the rabble. In the New York Colonisation Society there was one important fact. It is this—deduced from a paragraph in their report—that the republic of Liberia is not independent of the colony. The society had palmed deception on the world on this point. This report says that the society cheerfully consented to transfer to the republic all their title to more than a million of acres of territory, reserving the right to hold one-half of the land in trust, to afford household homes for future emigrants, and to devote to educational purposes one tenth of it. Yes, they hold in trust half of this million of acres—in trust for what? For the American Colonisation Society. Is that *bona fide* independence? What! Suppose a foreign government would come here and interfere with the public lands, would it not compromise our independence, and would not this nation rise up as one man, and hurl such intruder from the territory? And yet these men tell us of the independence of the republic of Liberia, while they are actually holding in trust five hundred thousand acres of land for the Colonisation Society! Now, I say this is an important fact, and the republic is not *bona fide* independent. It is dangerous to the colony itself. Now, I have always said that, if it is proper for any coloured man to go to Africa at any time, the American Colonisation Society should not have control over one inch of the soil. I do not mean to praise that line of policy introduced into the constitution of the republic, to exclude men from having land there; but I do say that here is a body of men, proved to be unfriendly to the interests of the race, who organized their society here, and that it is dangerous that they should have control over such an immense tract of land in Africa, and within the jurisdiction of an independent republic. It is a political anomaly which ought not be permitted to exist. In conclusion, let me say that whatever is to be done in opposing the policy of this society, we can do it now, as well as we did it thirty years ago. I have sometimes thought that the most effectual way to do so is to re-enact those resolutions given in the second part of "Garrison's Thoughts on Colonisation," commencing with Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, New Haven, and Albany, and to call on those several towns to reiterate these resolutions and addresses, and let the second edition of them go out through the press, and we can then know whether the people have changed their views; and if so, let that fact be known. I now endorse the same address which I wrote to the citizens of Brooklyn, twenty years ago. I father it. I take it to my heart. In it you have my sentiments. It is not necessary to occupy your time with further remarks. I second the resolutions and hope they will pass. Let us show to the world and to this country that we have a feeling of self-respect yet left. Let it be seen that there is a chord which can be touched in our bosoms—and let us show that we have a right at least to the expression of our opinion. I am sure that all right thinking men must respect this course which we pursue, if they differ from us in opinion; and if they are men, they will not be surprised if we claim the same right to differ from them in opinion. I am prepared everywhere in my personal intercourse with those men—in my social intercourse when I have any—and in this public manner, and from my pulpit, to make it known, that I dissent in toto from this scheme, and I do not believe they have the right, whatever may be their motives, to send a mass of population to Africa. Africa does not need population. Africa is not likely to become depopulated; it is one of the most populous countries in the world. It has the bone and sinew, and nerve, of one hundred and fifty millions, and it seems as an insult to old Mandingo and Congo to send over there our sickly men. What they want is the same that we give to other countries—Bibles, missionaries, well qualified teachers, and as many Christian families as can be spared to them, to go for the purpose of advancing the missionary enterprise. We must discriminate between colonisation and christianization: they are two things, as distinct as the north from the south pole. Colonisation has never done much for Christianity, in any part of the world; the history of colonisation is a history of plunder and robbery. But let us send them Christian missionaries—that is what Africa wants. Holding these views, I go for the adoption of the resolutions, and hope they will pass, and that the people will adhere to the sentiments they contain. This is your home—here you are bound to rear your children. This is the corner stone of your future prosperity; and whenever you can spare your children to go on Christian missions, let them go; but this is the home of the masses of the people, and if they do not go on well and prosper here, "there is," as the Scotchman would say, "a screw loose," and you must see to that, and grease the wheels, and make the machinery go; and if you do this, it will go far to put a stop to this agitation of the old system of colonisation. Mr. P. concluded amid much applause, and the meeting was next addressed by

SAMUEL E. CORNISH, who said that nothing but a sense of duty to God, to his brethren, and to himself, as well as to Governor Hunt, induced him to come from his sick room on this occasion. He had obtained credible information, since issuing the call for this meeting, which helped to convince him that the sentiments contained in the message to the Legislature respecting them, were not at all the sentiments of Governor Hunt, for I know that had we been as judicious, wise, and skilful in management as we should have been, so far from our being included in Governor Hunt's message in the manner we have been, we could have procured anything that we desired bearing on the interests of the coloured people. Others have watched, and traitorously taken advantage of us, and, to carry out their swindling schemes, have induced Governor Hunt to lay such sentiments before the Legislature as he has done—sentiments which never would have been thought of had they not taken their origin from the same source as the formation of this Society has done. I believe that Governor Hunt should be morally exonerated from the consequence of his act respecting us. He did not know our wishes or our wants. We are extremely remiss in everything in which we are interested. We don't keep the time of day; if we had been more active, we should not have had any necessity for this meeting. We are constantly presented in the papers as the most degraded people under God's heaven; but I challenge this city to a mathematical investigation on the subject. Let them enter into it, and take the fifteen thousand of coloured population, and take the four hundred and fifty thousand white people, and see whether we have a larger proportion of degraded population than they have. We are equally elevated in proportion to the population as our white brethren. In those streets which surround this church, and through the city generally, there is a large proportion of the free white population just as degraded morally and politically as we are. I live on the corner of Fourth and Wooster streets, and, take from my house to Spring street, and then take from my house to Fiftieth street, and the people above me will have nothing to do with the people below me. They will mix with the coloured people just as soon as they will mingle with the poorer classes of the white people, and will mix with us socially and morally, and intermarry with us, too; if we are degraded and never can rise, neither can these people ever rise. The rich are doing every thing they can to keep themselves apart from the labouring population of our city, and will amalgamate with me, sooner than with the people below me. But these are facts which ought to be laid before the public. We are considered the only degraded people in the city. What, shall this darkness be permitted to dwell over us? Half the money that is spent in two grog shops would keep a paper in circulation which would open the public eye, and lay these facts before Heaven as clear as the rays of the noonday sun (applause). I wish to say more on this subject, and will do so in a course of lectures. I agree with brother Pennington in his opinion of African colonisation; and in 1827, I got up a paper on purpose to oppose it; and they who read the *Freeman's Journal* will find the editorials constantly opposing this scheme. From that day to this, I have never changed my mind about it. He was accused of sending his son to Liberia; but he had opposed his intention of going until he had found that he was fully bent upon it; and he, therefore, no longer threw any obstacles in his way. He would show some strong reasons for a support of African colonisation, and the only necessity that existed for that measure. First, then, was the fact comprised in this, that we Christian republicans hate black people so much, that we cannot do them justice in this country. This is one reason. If you are degraded, why do they not elevate you? Why, they say, we hate you so that we never can do you justice in this country. All the influence of the religion of Jesus Christ cannot make us do it, and this is a sin which we must compromise by sending you out of the country, and then there will be no occasion for showing any of this hate. Two-thirds, if not four-fifths, of the active members of the Colonisation Society are clergymen and leading officers in the church; and does not the Bible require that we shall have the grace of God without any respect of persons. If the religion of Christianity cannot remove from their minds this hatred, it is deficient in this respect, must it not be deficient in other respects, and in all? And if so, then let us give up the Christian religion and adopt some Pagan idolatry. The second reason why colonisation is necessary is, that God has planted in the nature of the white man such antipathies against all black people, that they cannot endure to live in contact with him. They will not give our sons their daughters; nor let their sons take our daughters—they will not sit with us in counting houses or colleges. Will our dear brethren just look at this antipathy, and see if it is in accordance with the religion which they profess and preach—if it is in accordance with the dictates of humanity. I look around me and see how much the complexion of this congregation is lighted up; half of us have advanced to a medium, at least, between black and white, and I want to know is this the result of antipathy. Go to the Southern States, and see the complexion of the slaves, how very many of them are as fair-skinned as their masters; so much so, that in some instances, they are actually taken to be the master, and the master taken to be the slave, because the master himself is stained with our blood, and shows it. I have been engaged for the last thirty years in helping to educate young ladies and gentlemen from the South and I have had a little experience, therefore, as to the action of this sentiment of antipathy. I have had young ladies from the South, and as soon as their education was well nigh complete, traps were set for them by young men among us, who have had very high ideas of themselves, and they fell into their snares; and when they had received their education, they were found to be missing, and it proved that they had gone off and got married to the white gentlemen. I could mention many instances of this kind to you, but may only just speak of Miss Mulholland, of Philadelphia, and Miss Carty, and I have some at this very time that have excited my fears that they shall follow the same example. If they have money and accomplishments, the white gentlemen will be attracted by them; they will fasten on them with the eye of a hawk, and yet, brethren, there is such an antipathy between the white and black race, that they cannot come together. I called upon Mr. Potts after he preached that sermon about antipathy, and I asked him did he know the captains of several steamships; he said yes, and spoke well of them. Well, said I, they were once poor coloured boys, and now they are among the first men in the country, and white families have married in among them. I asked him—did he know Alfred Hill, who used to make boots under Hart's drug store? He did. Did he know that rich apothecary in Greenwich street, who died, and left a large estate to his heirs? He did. Well, that man had been with us, and left us, and amalgamated with white people. I mentioned many other instances of this kind, to illustrate the truths of his arguments about antipathies. I dare one of you to have a daughter of a fine appearance and good education, and ten thousand dollars, and keep her, unless you have her locked up in a room. There was, he said, another reason why the colonisation ought to go on. Colonisation was a craft by which a mass of clerical agents and their relatives and dependants got their living, and, for this reason, the scheme must exist and prosper. A short time ago a rich gentleman from Louisiana left forty or fifty thousand dollars a year to the Colonisation Society: Mr. Thompson, of this city, left it fifty thousand dollars; Mr. Graham, fifteen or twenty thousand; somebody else, that died last week, ten thousand. There has been at least half a million of dollars bequeathed to that society, and we have, in these United States, five hundred pauper clergymen, for whom places must be made. He knew an agent of that society, who, from being a poor man, suddenly became quite wealthy—loaded ships with freight on speculation. Those concerned in the scheme had poor brethren, and poor nephews, and poor dependants, who must be provided for; and, it the colonisation craft is lost these men might starve. Brother Pennington is very cruel in his opposition to the society; he does not know what fatal effects or results [illegible] makes men say that they cannot but hate their black brethren; they know it is a sin, and therefore they want to save themselves from committing such a crime by sending them away where they would never see them again. We hate them, although God commanded us to love them; and if we can send them off to Africa our hate will not be brought out. The speaker went on to give other reasons why he was opposed to the scheme. The climate was fatal and deadly, the fever of the country would not leave them for two years, if it did not carry them off quickly, and even then it would not go till it finds it cannot kill you. It was also injurious to their mental constitution; none but pigmy minds could possibly exist in it. It was, besides, most pernicious to their moral welfare; society there destroyed all traits of humanity. He would state one fact which is not generally known. This society is in existence thirty-seven years. The colony of Cape Palmas numbers two hundred thousand inhabitants; Liberia a like number; four hundred thousand in both, and yet in that thirty-seven years the society only sent out ten thousand. I will now close by a few remarks in regard to the duty of coloured people in the free States (Voice—'Will Mr. Cornish favour the meeting with some account of the New York and Liberia Agricultural and Emigation Society'). Mr. C. politely consented, and entered into a detailed narration of the dishonest practice carried on by Mr. Putnam, who represented himself as the agent of the society, and collected a large amount, some $3,000, from citizens, who were foolish enough to believe his representations. He (Mr. C.), however, exhibited Putnam in his true colours; but the latter only remarked very complacently that the disclosure came late as he had already "made his jack." He would now make some remarks as to the duty of coloured people in the free States in respect to their opposition to this nefarious scheme. The destiny of this country is not in the hands of society at all, but it is in the hands of God, who can remodel it in one year; and we stand now on the verge of being remodelled. A thousand influences are at work, springing up from the very foundation of society. The destiny of the country is not in our own hands at all. I could name influences which are at work, and which will soon remove our foundations, and our republic must and will be tossed by anarchy if something is not done very efficiently to save the country in its purity. He believed there was no other way for the elevation of coloured people, bond or free, except through the influence of religion; but the editors who have got a political point to carry, go about manœuvring, and calculate on getting the influence and efforts of ministers to help out their electioneering designs. We then find Mr. and Mr. B., or Mr. C., preach on such a view of the question as may be in compliance with the wishes of the *Herald*, or any other paper. If the holy ministry do not wake up and get on the walls as watchmen, and give warning, the country must fall, and the blood and iniquity which will follow will be required at their hands, and their villany will be avenged on them by an avenging God. We are not to expect elevation in any other way than that by which other men get it. They must cultivate their minds, and morals, and physical power—they must learn the arts and sciences, and become part of the bone and sinew of the country—they must become holders of land, so that to remove us and our interests, they must remove part of the lands. On these grounds we may expect to go on. God knew where to plant them better than they did themselves; but as respects private enterprises, they may go to Africa, or to the West Indies, or Canada, Mexico, California, or any other place, the same as other men; and so elevate yourselves by accumulating wealth, cultivating good morals by forming good religious characters, giving glory to God in the highest degree, and scattering peace and good will among men.

Mr. GEO. T. DOWNING then moved the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Committee of Thirteen make arrangements to have the city and county of New represented by a delegation, at Albany, whose business it shall be to attend to our interests and represent our sentiments.

It seems to me (said Mr. Downing) that the Rev. Mr. Cornish has pretty well used up Lewis H. Putnam. But, if I am not greatly mistaken, toher parties are connected with him that require a little rubbing. There can be no doubt that the New York and Liberia Emigration and Agricultural Association is a false and deceptive institution, doing equal harm, if not more, than the old Colonisation Society. The Committee of Thirteen have been labouring in bringing to light some facts of a curious character, relative to that association. One of these facts is that they have been very industrious in getting into the newspapers a statement that they have got from the public a sum of $1,500, and that goods to that amount have been sent out with their agent, Mr. Colville. This is entirely false. They never collected such a sum. They never had $1,500. They have never had one cent in their treasury. I defy contradiction. Mr. Cornish has told you that this association is an ally of the Colonisation Society, from the fact that Mr. Pinney has stated that they were connected. Finney stated that he had sent a telegraphic despatch to Dr. Hall, of Baltimore, of the Colonisation Society, to ship goods to Africa. But to whom were they shipped? To Governor Roberts, President of the colony. It was not, therefore, the Liberia Society, but the Colonisation Society that sent the goods. I might mention other deceptive movements of the Society; but let us come to some of the reputed officers of the Society, and see what they say in their letters. The first I shall read is from a gentleman lately elected Vice President of the New York and Liberia Emigration and Agricultural Association. It is as follows:

TO THE COMMITTEE OF THIRTEEN.

NEW YORK, Jan. 13, 1852.

It being currently reported that I was a member of the Liberia Association, I take this opportunity of stating that I have nothing to do with the concern.

It is true that I did attend one of their meetings for the satisfaction of myself, but have never given them authority to use my name.

Yours, with respect,

E. W. CROSBY.

Mr. DOWNING then read the following letter:

TO THE COMMITTEE OF THIRTEEN, OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

GENTLEMEN: I feel it to be an act of justice which I owe to the people with whom I am especially identified, to truth, and to the public, to state to you, and through you to the public, that my name has been used in connection with the New York and Liberia Emigration and Agricultural Association, as treasurer, without my knowledge and consent. Further, that I have never received a cent of their moneys; that I have no confidence whatever in said association, and believe it to be the enemy of our people, an enemy to that progress going on in this country, which will eventually abolish caste and oppression; further, that said association shall receive my uncompromising opposition, for I am firmly resolved to stay here—my home—and to use my best endeavours to influence all that I can to remain in this country.

Gentlemen, wishing you every success in your laudable efforts, I remain your obedient servant,

N. YORK, Jan. 12, 1852. PAUL PONTAU

Mr. DOWNING proceeded—I say, then, that Mr. Jones has solicited, almost craved, that Mr. Pontau should not make the exposure he had made in this letter. That gentleman's letter shows in what light he regards them. The following, from the report of the Society, shows in what light they regard him: "In our Treasurer, we possess the honest patriot and wealthy citizen, whose soul is centered in the prosperity of his people" (shouts of laughter). I will not detain you longer than to state that a petition to the Legislature, asking for $20,000, is on foot from this Society. Disosway, the right hand man of Pinney, has been in conclave with the Governor, and the result is that portion of his message that relates to colonisation.

Mr. JOHN J. ZUILLE here read a letter from Lewis Putnam, denying that he had anything to do with the association.

There was much hissing expressed at the reading of his name at the end of the letter.

Mr. BELL said, as letter reading was the order of the day, he would read one which, though not connected with the immediate object of the meeting, were connected with the main object of the organization. They all recollected Mrs. Harris, whose husband was arrested at Washington, on the charge of aiding in the escape of slaves. He was arrested at the same time as Mr. Chaplin. Efforts were made in this city, and particularly in this church, to aid in his release. His freedom has been effected, and a few days ago Mr. Raymond received a letter from Mr. Harris, stating the facts. The sum of $50 was sent from the Committee of Thirteen, and $70 from two or three individuals. He held in his hand a letter received from Philadelphia. It came in the hand of one of the Christiana patriots, and it is a curious circumstance that this hero was one of the head men at that affair (great cheering). He was the head and front of the offending. It was he who informed the slaves that the reverend fiend and his myrmidons were coming—the reverend devil who has gone to that hell whence he will preach—gone to that hell whence he sprung, "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung." Samuel Williams is his name. He is now safe, reposing in Queen Victoria's dominions.

Mr. BELL then read a letter from John C. Bowers, Secretary of the Philadelphia Vigilance Committee, addressed to the Committee of Thirteen, of which the following is an extract:

"The bearer of this letter is one of the Christiana patriots, whom we, the Committee of Philadelphia, have thought proper to send to the Committee of Thirteen, for safe-keeping and disposal. You will have to be very particular, as his is a critical case, the facts of which he will give you when you see him. We would have sent him to the New York Vigilance Committee; but as his case requires great secresy, we prefer sending him to the Committee of Thirteen, as we have mutually acted together in these cases. The money you sent us came very opportune, and we return your committee, and the citizens of New York, our sincere thanks for your generous contribution."

We don't know exactly how he escaped; but the officers were not members of the temperance society, and they indulged freely at supper, and after supper they fell asleep. He very noiselessly opened the window, and that is all they know about him (great laughter).

Mr. CHAS. L. REASON was the next speaker. He said, it has already been a matter of surprise with me, that the American people should be so willing to patronise a system so expensive as the Colonisation Society, by which they are called upon to spend large sums of money upon a class of people they so heartily despise. You know the American people are proverbial for their love of money. Yet we hear of that same people giving thousands of dollars for a class of people they regard as next door to brutes. Perhaps it is to be accounted for by looking at the system and going back to first principles. The Christian society has never changed one whit from its first position. It has, however, admirably followed the advice of Paul, though whether in the scriptural sense I would not vouch—it has "become all things to all men." At one time we find it stating that the negro race becomes a highly cultivated, moral race when transported across the ocean. Again it tells us that this race is not to be reached by the sight of Christianity itself. I am not speaking without evidence. We find, in the Fifteenth Annual Report of the Colonisation Society, the following statement:

"Christianity cannot do for them here what it will do for them in Africa. This is not the fault of the coloured man, nor of the white man, nor of Christianity; but an ordination of Providence, and no more to be changed than the laws of nature."

You will find in other places that they have declared openly that nothing can be done for the coloured population; that they are the most vicious and degraded people under the sun. They say this in order to excite increased hatred to the coloured people of this country. Yet, by some change, as magical as if it were done by Professor Anderson, it is this same race, transmuted, that are to evangelize Africa. And then they go on to say to the slaveholder, "If you do not get rid of this vicious class of people—the free coloured population—you will not be able to hold your slaves." But listen to what they say upon the necessity of keeping the slave in the most debasing ignorance. The following occurs in the report of the New York State Colonisation Society, on its second anniversary:

"It is the business of the free—their safety requires it—to keep the slaves in ignorance. Their education is utterly prohibited. Educate them, and they break their fetters. Suppose the slaves of the South to have the knowledge of freemen, they

could be free, or be exterminated by the whites. This renders it necessary to prevent their instruction —to keep them from Sunday schools, and other means of gaining knowledge. But a few days ago, a proposition was made in the Legislature of Georgia to allow them so much instruction as to enable them to read the Bible, which was promptly rejected by a large majority. I do not mention this for the purpose of condemning the policy of the slaveholding States, but to lament its necessity."

Elias B. Caldwell, one of the founders, and the first Secretary of the parent Society, delivered the following sentiments at its formation:

"The more you improve the condition of these people, the more you cultivate their minds, the more miserable you make them in their present state. You give them a higher relish for those privileges which they can never attain, and turn what you intend for a blessing into a curse. No, if they must remain in their present situation, keep them in the lowest state of ignorance and degradation. The nearer you bring them to the condition of brutes, the better chance do you give them of possessing their apathy."

Mr. RESON then proceeded to quote the following:

"None are obliged to follow our example; and those who do not will find the value of their negroes increased by the departure of ours."

From this it is evident that it is for the benefit of the slaveholder that the Colonisation Society was originated. I will allude to one other branch. It is the gross injustice done to us, by proposing to send us away from our homes, on the ground that we desire it, and also that we are degraded and ignorant. There are other classes of people, the foreigners, who are far more degraded, whom you will meet in the street every day, asking for alms, and many of them so ignorant as not to be able to read the direction of letters, which they are in the habit of asking persons passing by to read for them. Such is the character of the population from all the European countries—particularly the Italians and Irish who are stalking through our streets. Now we are native Americans, and are not thus degraded. The foreign population is the right field for the labours of the Colonisation Society.

Mr. G. T. DOWNING.—But you are not in favour of sending away the foreign population?

Mr. REASON.—No; but if there be any class who ought to be sent away, it is the foreign population. This country, however, has opened a refuge for the thrifty and industrious of all nations, and it is as fine a country as any other under the sun (applause). We have done something more to establish a right to remain in it than others. We have fought for it. We fought for it in the revolutionary war and in 1812. Let us see some examples. On the 5th of March, 1851, a petition was presented to the Massachusetts Legislature, asking an appropriation of $1,500 for erecting a monument to the memory of Christopher Attucks, the first martyr in the Boston massacre of 5th March, 1770. The matter was referred to a committee on military affairs, who granted a hearing of the petitioners, but finally submitted an adverse report, on the ground that a boy named Christopher Snyder was previously killed. Attucks was a coloured man, and John Adams, counsel for the soldiers, admitted that he was the hero of the night. What were their services in Rhode Island? Take, as a sample, the statement of Governor Eustis, who said in his able speech against Slavery in Missouri, 12th of December, 1820: "In Rhode Island, the blacks formed an entire regiment, and they discharged their duty with zeal and fidelity. The gallant defence of Red Bank, in which the black regiment bore a part, is among the proofs of their valour" (Much applause).

Mr. R. concluded with the following lines from Sir Walter Scott:

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own—my native land.
* * * * * *
If such there breathes, go mark him well!
For him no rapturous feelings swell!
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth, as wish can claim—
Despite these titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

Mr. J. POWERS then said, if he had the power to hold in the chains of eloquence the rowdies that had been sent there by the Liberian Society, he would not know what to say, after the superior men that had preceded him—his superiors in every respect except in his hatred of the traitors to liberty, and in his scorn for the black men that would play second is organized upon a system of plunder, and they are all robbers and murderers. Mr. Cornish tells us if any man among us is mean enough to play second fiddle to that society, he ought to be sent to Africa. He would like to know if they were willing to let loose upon the honest people of Africa such wretches as these, whatever a white-coat philosopher might advise? (applause). Mr. Cornish had also alluded to what he called mock ministers of Jesus Christ. That was not there name, for mock minister was too respectable for them. They were pirates.

A VOICE—They are the ministers of the devil.

Mr. POWERS—Mr. Bell has told you where the Rev. Mr. Gorsuch was gone—the man who, according to the New York *Christian Intelligencer*, is "the flower of the Christian Church" (great laughter). These ministers will go to the same place, where they will have fire enough to preach, as long as God sits upon his throne to speak to those rum-selling, kidnapping, prostituting man-stealers; and when they are all gone there, the coloured man will stand up, and be where he ought to be, notwithstanding the white-coat philosopher that The *Herald* has told us so much about.

VOICE—Who is the white-coat philosopher?

Mr. POWERS—The *Herald* will tell you that—or if you will read the *Tribune* to-morrow morning, you may find it.

VOICE—The *Herald* you mean.

Mr. POWERS—I thought, as the *Tribune* is so friendly to us, the editor would have sent a reporter here; and probably the gentleman I see before me is from the *Tribune*.

VOICE—You are mistaken. It is the reporter of the *Herald*.

Mr. POWERS—We must rank these men as Mr. Reason in his poetry tells us they ought to be ranked —mark them well—place such a mark upon them as not only you, but the world, God, and the devil, and everybody else, may understand them.

A VOICE—Horace Greeley included.

Mr. POWERS—I am glad you have mentioned him. I see a question asked in the *Herald* to-day, and I would be glad to see an answer to it to-morrow. It asks—"By what right does Greeley propose to send off a few of his coloured brethren to Africa, who refuse to vote for him, while he does not go back himself to the land of his fore-fathers—either in the swamps of Holland—the bogs of Ireland—somewhere in the neighbourhood of the scene of the bloody battle of Slievegammon, or perhaps among the Esquimaux of Greenland, to whom, in his habits, he bears so striking a resemblance?"

A VOICE—"He is a mixture of the three races. He is a mongrel, and never could find his country."

Mr. POWERS—It strikes me that after all, there will not be so much trouble about the Governor's message. We are told that he was under the instruction of Disosway for some time. Why, a good monkey can be easily taught such things. The *Herald* seems to think that the coloured people will no longer be duped by the whig party (applause). The *Herald* is right. The whigs have betrayed us. On the back of their promises they gave us the Fugitive Slave law; and in future we will vote for no man that will not vote for us, and the cause of humanity. We will vote Gov. Hunt out next time. He was elected by only two hundred and fifty of a majority, and these were the votes of the coloured population. If we felt disposed last time, we would have turned him and the whole party out. They have deceived us, and they may look for breakers ahead. If they give us big bills, we will give them small change at the next election (great applause). We have got to defeat the whig party, or any other party that will not subserve our cause. I appeal to you—will you be driven from your country by the lessons taught you by the white-coat philosopher, or any other philosopher (cries of no, no)? You say no, but let me see you act. You must mark your foes, and make them feel the mark in the way most in keeping with your duty (applause).

Here there were loud cries for Morrell and Smith.

Dr. MCCUNE SMITH then came forward, and said there was not a man, woman, or child present that could not make a good speech on the subject before them to-night. It was part of their nature. God had instilled into them all, for his own wise purposes, a love of home. He had come across an old paper, one hundred years old It was the *New York Mercury* of Sept. 11, 1754. It contained advertisements of several persons who ran away. Some were white, and some were coloured. The white were represented as speaking bad English, while a runaway coloured man was described as speaking good English and Dutch (great laughter). Thus, even then, the coloured man was not without education. The coloured men had a strong love of their home in their breasts: and this is what neither friends nor foes could fully understand. Horace Greeley did not understand it, else he would not act as he did, unless he was yielding to the political necessities of his party. And what is the political necessity? Governor Hunt's message reminded him of what Franklin said—that "a man who was deformed in mind, on seeing a man with a well formed and an ill formed leg, always looked at the ill-formed one." It was so with Governor Hunt, who looked at all the faults and none of the virtues of the coloured people. He ransacked the whole country, to conjure up their deformities. The only solution to this course of conduct was the fact that the whig party in every State were mixed up in the government with the democrats, and this was the funeral knell of the whig party. His great hope in reference to colonisation was, that the whigs would kill it, as they always killed everything they touched. They killed the United States Bank, and they killed the tariff, by attempting to carry these measures.

Rev. Mr. CORNISH then urged the importance of waiting upon individual members of Legislature and plying their consciences; and, also, the necessity of sending a committee to Albany, to operate there.

ROBERT MEEKINS, a fine looking coloured man from Virginia, then referred to a plot, in 1816, hatched by Henry Clay, Randolph, and Judge Washington, against the coloured people. It was the most infernal plot ever concocted. For himself, he would never leave his native land.

Rev. Mr. MORRELL then proceeded to address the meeting. He was a Yankee—a native American—quite different from a European. Black Americans were just as good Yankees as whites. This colonisation humbug obtained a footing chiefly by allowing the knaves the use of the pulpits of the coloured people, and admitting them into their parlours, and making them respectable. They said when negroes went to Liberia they became polished and refined. But they had only to look at home, and they would find most elegant and refined ladies and gentlemen here in New York.

Mr. CAMPBELL then moved a resolution to send a deputation to Albany, to watch the introduction of any measure hostile to the interest of the coloured people.

The resolution was adopted, and all the other resolutions were then passed.

Mr. DOWNING said, it was then twelve o'clock, and, in decency, it was time for them to adjourn and to go home with the ladies.

The meeting then adjourned.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

** *All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

†† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 22, 1852.

THE MISTAKES OF THE MAGYAR.

WE are not as well posted up in Hungarian affairs as we wish we were, though we have neglected none of the means of knowledge that we could conveniently come at. We do not profess to know as much about them as Mrs. Putnam, though we can hardly admit that we are as ill informed as the unlucky Professor Bowen. For we have never committed ourselves sufficiently on either side to endanger our reputation for editorial infallibility, much less to hazard a comfortable Cambridge professorship. But we should like to know enough of the *arcana* of the history of the Hungarian struggle, to be sure that its unlucky issue was not in some degree to be attributed to the blunders of M. Kossuth, and not entirely to the bayonets of M. Romanoff. M. Kossuth has a rare gift of speech, beyond all controversy. We may infer from the power which he exerts by his words in a strange tongue over strangers, what his might must be over his countrymen, when approaching them in their native language. He was not a military man, we believe. His influence was purely moral and intellectual. He is one of the few instances of men of the robe or the pen acquiring political ascendancy by the force of eloquence and personal influence alone. It reminds us of those brief days of the sway of the Attic orators:

"whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democratie,
Shook the arsenal, and fulmined over Greece
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne."

He will be a phenomenon of history, in this respect, be his future what it may.

We have no doubt of the transcendant ability, in his line, with which he achieved his greatness, nor of the honesty and good faith with which he used his power for the deliverance of Hungary. We are aware that this has been denied. But we are willing to accept the exile of Kutayah, the fierce reclamations of Austria and Russia and the very charges which have been hurled at him by absolutist journals and diplomatists, as proofs sufficient of his Hungarian integrity. We do not doubt his honesty when at the head of officers. We only should like to be assured that he had, as well, the wisdom that is profitable to direct. And our doubts as to the discretion of his administration at home, springs chiefly from the lack of it which we conceive him to have shown since he was driven abroad. We will pass over the Marseilles Manifesto and will not enter into a discussion of his speeches in England. We will confine ourselves to a brief consideration of the policy of his course since he landed at Staten Island.

His first mistake was one anterior to his avowal here. And that was his selecting this country as, what the French call, his *cheval de bataille*, the war horse which was to bear him on to victory. He entirely mistook the nature of the animal. All his patting and caressing cannot transform a vicious, hard-mouthed brute, fond of kicking those who dare not chastise him, caring for nothing but oats and clover, into a gallant charger, snuffing the battle afar off, "the thunder of the captains and the shouting." Had he known us better, he would have discerned the instinct which led to the selection of "our Country's Bird" as our national emblem. "She dwelleth on the strong place; from thence she seeketh the prey, and her eyes behold afar off; her young ones also suck up blood: *and where the slain are, there is she!*"

Now we conceive one of the chief qualifications for government is an instinctive knowledge of the right sort of tools needed for each particular business. This was the great distinction of Napoleon, and has marked every man who has been called upon to carry a nation through a political revolution, or through a nice crisis in its affairs. The mistake which M. Kossuth made in the character of Görgey (a mistake so great as to have laid himself open to the suspicion of complicity with that traitor) was not greater than the one he made in the character of Mr. Fillmore, Mr. Webster, and the nation they fitly represent. He might quite as wisely, though probably not so safely, have applied to Louis Napoleon or the Pope of Rome. Were he not so very well informed a man, we might have excused such an error at Kutayah, when the Mississippi was nearing the Bosphorus with the tidings of deliverance. Within sight of "the skyish top of blue Olympus" he might be pardoned for indulging in some classic dreams of Republics being the home of Liberty and in some hopes of help from the boastful one beyond the Atlantic. But M. Kossuth is thoroughly well read and knows history profoundly. In what page of history does he find that one nation ever helped another, except for some immediate advantage to itself? England has engaged in multitudes of quarrels,

"And stained with blood the Danube and the Rhine,"

over and over again; but it was to preserve the balance of Europe, to maintain her own dominion of the Seas, or the preservation of her own institutions from revolutionary innovation. France and Spain and Holland helped us in our struggle with the mother country; but it was not that they loved us more, but that they loved her less. It was for the humiliation of England, and not for our exaltation, primarily, that they took our part in that contest.

M. Kossuth should have known this. He should have known that an application to any of the Powers of the South for help to carry out any principle, however essential to their own institutions, was vain and idle unless he could show an immediate and direct advantage to flow from it to themselves. This on the supposition that he really believed Liberty to be the vital principle of our nationality. It would have been a purely Quixotic and Utopian attempt, were we what we pretend to be. But he knew, for the fact had been brought home to him while in England, that it is not Liberty, but Slavery, that is the breath of our nostrils. That the policy of the country is directed almost exclusively, as far as we have any statecraft, to the security and extension of Slavery, and that the object of the manœuvres of the great political parties and the tactics of the great religious sects is, to get and to keep the favour of the Slave-masters. In short, that the men whose influence, direct and indirect, is supreme in State and Church, were men who lived and had their wealth and power by virtue of holding their fellow-men in a bondage compared with which Hungarian oppression was perfect freedom. What could have been more hopeless than an attempt to induce them to hazard all they held dear in a quarrel, which, fairly fought out, would put them where he invoked their help to put Francis Joseph and Nicholas! To an impartial spectator, like an Abolitionist, such a delusion would have been almost touching, had it not been pursued with a fanaticism of flattery, an affluence of adulation, which could not but turn what would have been pity into contempt. He who, sitting at meat at the right hand of Mr. King, of Alabama, perhaps the most unscrupulous propagandist of Slavery in the country, and over against Mr. Webster, the man who has done more to demoralize the principle of liberty than any living man, could say such things as these, commits what he would regard as more than a crime—a blunder:

With self-government is freedom, and with freedom is justice and patriotism. With centralization is ambition, and with ambition dwells despotism. Happy your great country, sir, for being so warmly addicted to that great principle of self-government. Upon this foundation your fathers raised a home to freedom more glorious than the world has ever seen. Upon this foundation you have developed it to a living wonder of the world. Happy your great country, sir, that it was selected by the blessing of the Lord to prove the glorious practicability of a federative Union of many sovereign States, all conserving their State rights and their self-government, and yet united in one—every star beaming with its own lustre, but all together one constellation on mankind's canopy.

Upon this foundation your free country has grown to a prodigious power in a surprisingly brief period—attracting power in that your fundamental principle. You have conquered by it more in seventy-five years than Rome by arms in centuries. Your principles will conquer the world. By the glorious example of your freedom, welfare, and security, mankind is about to become conscious of its aim. *The lesson you give to humanity will not be lost.*

Alas, he spake better than he knew! The lesson we are giving is not lost; and he himself is suffering the consequences, if he did but know it! And again:

Yours is a happy country, gentlemen. You had more than fair play. You had active, operative aid from Europe in your struggle for independence, which once achieved you so wisely used as to become a prodigy of freedom and welfare, and a book of life to nations.

* * * * To be sure, it will be a noble joy to this your great republic to feel that the moral influence of your glorious example has operated this happy development in mankind's destiny; and I have not the slightest doubt of the efficacy of your example's influence.

[illegible] call them by no harsher name, in his attempts to revive the nationality of his country, have been fit to guide that nationality when he had his hand upon its helm? His hopes were futile, and he should have known them to be so. But, even if possible of fulfilment, he made a fatal mistake in sacrificing the respect of history and his permanent fame, to securing it. Flattery is not an ennobling means of gaining an end. The very tyrant despises the parasite. We are willing to have our ears tickled with his adulations; but our actions show that he has nothing to hope from us. Even M. Kossuth is at last made aware of the fact. He has abandoned his hopes of a national intervention; but, either by habit or by taste, he still makes the air fulsome with his praises of ourselves and the worst men that even Slavery has ever created. His visit to this country was a fatal blunder. Nothing was to be gained; everything, even honour, risked by it. Having come, his bitter mistake was in not speaking the words of truthful, consistent rebuke and exhortation in the ears of the people. It would have deprived him of an ovation; but it would have secured to him what is better than a triumph—the respect and admiration of all true lovers of liberty in all countries and through all times. He would have carried back to Europe all that he will as it is, and he would not have left behind him that *prestige* of consistency which has been the true Star of his Destiny.

—E. Q.

THE NOTTINGHAM KIDNAPPING CASE.

CORONER'S INQUEST ON THE DEATH OF MILLER.

THE causes of the death of Joseph C. Miller, some account of which we gave last week, have been made the subject of legal investigation, and a decision given by the Coroner's Jury that he committed suicide. Whether this is to be the end of the matter remains to be seen, but we learn from the *Pennsylvania Freeman* that his friends are still firm in the belief that he was foully murdered, and that opinion will no doubt be confirmed by the evidence given before the Coroner. It is difficult to believe that the decision of the Jury was not a foregone conclusion, from which they were not to be moved by any amount of evidence; for the testimony is very positive that Miller was apprehensive of violence; was exceedingly anxious to escape from Maryland, and to return home; was found upon his knees tied by two handkerchiefs, by the neck, to a small tree, in which position it is difficult to conceive of his having hanged himself; that there were marks of violence upon his wrists; and that the handkerchiefs by which he was half-suspended are not to be found. Added to this, his wife declares that he had but one handkerchief with him, and it is said by his friends who saw him before he was buried that but one of those found was his. Some weight is also due to the fact that his friends can conceive of no cause for his committing suicide. He was a member of the Society of Friends, in easy circumstances and respectable position, and with a young family about him. On the other hand, he had made himself obnoxious to a set of desperate villains, who, being kidnappers and slave-hunters by profession, could have little scruple in adding murder to their other crimes, and who had a positive interest in getting him out of the way, at the same time that they could gratify their desire for revenge for the death of Gorsuch.

We publish below the evidence before the Coroner's Jury, as reported in the Baltimore papers. The body of Miller, it will be understood, was disinterred for examination:

APPEARANCES OF THE BODY.

About two o'clock, nearly all the witnesses having arrived, the corpse was taken from the hearse to the principal room of the building, and, in presence of the authorities of the county, the jury and others, removed from the box and coffin and extended before them. The removal of the cover from the coffin displayed one of the most revolting scenes which we have ever beheld. There laid the frozen body of a human being, clothed with garments almost completely covered with mud and dirt, which, it seems, entered on account of the defect of the cover, whilst the clothes themselves seemed more like the tattered and threadbare habiliments of a mendicant than one who, according to all accounts, was a farmer; well circumstanced, "as the world goes." The coverings were hurriedly cut off, disclosing an entire nakedness of the stiffened and haggard corpse, which, as it lay before the crowd, with the indelible marks around the neck of the cloth by which it was suspended to a tree in the lone wood, must have proven a most solemn and impressive lesson regarding the shortness and vanity of the present life to those who gazed upon it, and most especially to those who, but a few days before, had communed with the departed spirit of the "tabernacle of clay," and moved with him for almost half a century, through all the varied scenes of life. The lesson seemed not to have been lost to some, for the silent tear could be seen rolling down the cheeks of the honest-hearted countrymen.

POST MORTEM EXAMINATION.

Dr. Benjamin W. Woods, of the county, was then introduced and requested by the justice to make a post mortem examination. The doctor was sworn, and proceeded to the task, which was not very easily performed, on account of the frozen condition of the corpse, and the large quantity of dirt which had fallen inside the coffin during its conveyance through the country. As a preparatory measure, the head was closely shorn of the earth-clogged hair, and closely examined; no bruises, however, could be observed. There were some bruises above the hip bones, which, according to the impression of the doctor, may have been or were most naturally produced by handling.

These bruises, continued he, which occur all around the hip bones, I think were produced by the handling of the corpse. A little above, upon the abdomen, were black spots, which were the natural effects of gas ejecting from the stomach—the gas arising from below, sulphurated hydrogen, he believed they call it, was giving rise to decomposition, which discoloured the body in that peculiar manner. On the right wrist is a bruise which looks as if it had been done before death: the deep cut or gash upon the right foot was occasioned by cutting off the boot therefrom. It was also discovered that there was an indentation of the flesh on the outside, or back part of the wrist on the left hand, which corresponded precisely with that on the other.

Shortly afterwards, the doctor announced that he had finished; when himself, and the friends of the deceased, aided by Mr. Mullin, carefully enshrouded the corpse with clean garments, which the kindness of the host provided, and placing it in the coffin, and the large wooden box, prepared it for re-interment near the residence of the deceased.

THE TESTIMONY.

Dr. Woods was then called, and testified as follows: I have made a careful post mortem examination of the body; I have examined it very carefully, both externally and internally, proceeding as far as the jury desired me to do, and as far as I considered it requisite under the circumstances; the general appearance of the body is quite natural; I could see nothing of an unusual character or appearance about it, either externally or internally; the condition of the lungs would satisfy me that the deceased died in consequence of strangulation; on the exterior of both wrists are two bruises, which do not differ much; they are about a quarter of a dollar in size, and might have resulted from violent handling, and not produced by handcuffing; judging fram the exterior of the wrists, my impression is that they must have been produced before death; the bruises on the hips of which I have previously spoken, were undoubtedly occasioned by handling; the discolouration of the body, which generally appears upon the entire skin, was also caused by handling in part; the neck was not broken, as far as I could ascertain from the vertebræ; there were no bruises upon the head; as his whole weight had fallen the length of two or three feet his neck would have, as is invariably the case of criminals, broken; the peculiar position of the body would, in a measure, determine whether or not he had committed suicide: the lungs were more than usually filled with atmospheric air, for, when I pressed them, a gurgling sound escaped from his mouth. I believe he died from strangulation; during the examination I discovered that incipient decomposition had taken place; there were marks over both hip bones and over the os peubis, which I attribute to handling.

R. G. Coates, sworn—I am a resident of East Nottingham, Chester county, Pa. I went to Baltimore to transact business, and in the evening of the 31st December, upon finishing it, got into an omnibus with the party from my neighbourhood; rode to the cars; got tickets and gave them to my friends. Shortly after we had been seated, Miller got up from his seat, passed by me, and went out apparently upon the platform. Almost immediately there were two of the party who went to look for him, but they could not find him. They looked around the road where the car was, and went into a hind car, but could not find him. At Havre de Grace two of the company remained behind for the purpose of looking for him. Miller had a wife and four children, and, with the rest of the company, had come on to Baltimore to look for his girl, who is the subject of the kidnapping case now in progress in Baltimore. The girl was taken from his house. Whilst in Baltimore, I heard no threats made; but after Miller got in the car, which was at the President street depot, I saw a man approach him, and slightly tapping him on the shoulder, asked him to come out.

Abner B. Richardson affirmed.—I was with Miller on his first visit to Baltimore: I went to the cars with him on Wednesday evening, and took seats therein; about five minutes before the cars started, Miller walked out, and Mr. Kirk and I followed, but could not see him; I saw a large man enter the car before it started; he walked to the stove and looked at the whole of us; we went as far as Havre de Grace, when some of us returned in the next train; the large man also returned with us; I heard no threats made except by one person; at the time I got in the cars I heard a man say, "it is d——d well they got in the cars when they did." I could not recognise the man; in front of Pennington's office, I heard several persons say, they "hoped they would all be mobbed before they left;" those who spoke were white men; there were no black men there; Miller seemed very anxious to get out of Baltimore; he had his horse waiting for him at Perryville; he said if he ever got home, he would never get in such a scrape again; his house was about sixteen miles from Perryville.

Benjamin Furnace sworn—Was with Miller in Baltimore, and went to the depot with him and the rest in an omnibus. When Miller took his seat he had a cigar in his hand, when some one said it was against the rules to smoke. Miller then went out, and was followed by the others, who returned and said they could not find him. Miller seemed anxious to get home. All the party intended to get home as soon as possible. I observed the large man already spoken of. I pointed toward him and said to Wiley, he is no rowdy. We went to Perryville. On the boat on the other side of Perryville, I saw Tom McCreary touch the large man, and took him off when they got across the ferry.

(Pollock here observed that his son, who was with the party, told him the following which Miller had told him: "Do you see that large man there, he intends no good for me." This remark must have been made before the cars started from the Pratt street depot).

The deceased was a great smoker, and I checked him for it. He then left the cars, and a search followed for him, as others have testified to. When I entered the car, at the depot, I took a seat opposite the stove, as I had not been very well during the day. I saw a man come up to the stove, rub his hands, look around, and then walk away. I was suspicious of him. When the party was coming down out of jail, I heard some one say, "There goes them damned Abolitionists who murdered Gorsuch." The remark was made by one of a party of five or ten men who were talking on the steps leading to the interior of the jail. Whilst on board of the boat, I saw McCreary talking to three men.

Before the jury and witnesses were discharged, the Prosecuting Attorney told them to meet on Monday morning, at 10 o'clock, when the examination would be resumed. The coroner also cautioned them not to express an opinion, nor to hold any conversation with persons upon the subject.

Butler here resumed his testimony as follows: I heard McCreary say that they might be damned thankful that they did not get a load in Pennsylvania when the girl was taken. Heard threats made in Justice Penington's office, during the examination. The cars stopped several times before they reached Havre de Grace.

Lewis Melith, sworn—I was with Miller in Baltimore; and, after taking seats in the cars, as already alluded to, said to the deceased "Joe, you are not afraid of being mobbed, are you?"

"Well," says he, "I may be mobbed yet."

Wm. H. Gittings, the coroner, testified to the finding of the body. He said—The appearance and general attitude of the body would seem to indicate that the deceased had thrown his feet from under him, or that he had slipped down. The corpse was very close upon the ground. There were no marks of feet upon the ground which would evidence scuffling or wrestling, nor was there the least evidence of anything near which would lead me to suppose the deceased had been murdered. Immediately upon reaching the ground I prepared to summon a jury, but the constable had done so. During the examination, at that time the corpse was partly stripped, notwithstanding none of the clothes were taken off, they were torn asunder. There was no evidence or testimony before the jury concerning the way in which deceased came there; the jury rendered a verdict on account of the situation and position of the body. No other evidence was adduced. I ordered the body to be cut down, and to be carefully examined. I would suppose that as the deceased dropped his weight he would have strangled. The knot of the handkerchief was on the back part of the head; I did not examine the knot, and consequently cannot say it was a slip knot, I suppose that Mr. Niser discovered the body early next morning. He left there in company with Mr. Fredrick Walters. There were two handkerchiefs used in the operation; one was fastened around the neck of the corpse, and the other around the tree. I judge that the distance from the ground to the place where the handkerchief was tied was more than four feet, whilst the head was hanging about the distance of two feet from that point of the tree where the handkerchief was tied. The handkerchief tied around the tree came in contact with a little limb, which might have prevented it from slipping off the handkerchief. The tree upon which the corpse was hanging was as thick below as my wrist, (about 2 1-2 inches diameter;) there were larger trees within twenty yards of the spot. The inquest was concluded late in the evening. The corpse was buried within a few feet of the spot where it hung. The handkerchief around the tree seemed like a checked handkerchief. I didn't examine either, and of course saw no name on them I saw his name on a piece of paper taken from his pocket. There was no blood on the handkerchief. The teeth of the corpse were closed upon the twig in his mouth, but not firmly. The face appeared natural, and am sure the tongue was not protruding from the mouth, as I examined the face very carefully. There was no snow upon the ground; I did not see any tracks, and cannot say that the ground was frozen too hard to prevent such tracks or impressions from being made by the feet

The coroner's jury returned a verdict of death from suicide.

The case of the girl, we believe, is not yet decided, though this incident in the history of American despotism excites so little interest in the press generally that it is difficult to learn anything from the daily newspapers, on which we are mainly dependent for intelligence, in relation to it. If she is not released it is certain she ought to be, though that is no reason for supposing she is. Among the witnesses who were submitted to examination at Baltimore were a number of the neighbours of Miller, who all testified to the same effect. We copy the evidence of two of them.

James Hutchinson was called upon the stand, and, being sworn, testified as follows:

I am 37 years of age, and a married man; reside in East Nottingham township, Chester county, Pa.; am a farmer by occupation; have seen Rachael on the day before yesterday, and spoke to her; recognised her immediately, and she also recognised me, calling me by name, first asking who I was; I have known her for 15 years, and suppose her to be about 17 years of age; reside about 3 miles from Joseph C. Miller's, and have lived there 37 years; always lived there; I went to school with Mr. Miller, and have known him all my life. I cannot say how long the girl lived with Mr. Miller; I have known the father of the girl for 20 years, and her mother for 15 years.

By Mr. Gwynn—During the time that you knew them, did they reside in Pennsylvania without intermission? Answer—Yes, sir.

By Mr. Hoops—I have not the least doubt that the girl Rachael is the same that I knew in East and West Nottingham townships. I am a member of the Presbyterian church, and do not belong to any society formed for the obstructing of the laws concerning fugitive slaves.

By Mr. Preston—Do you feel prepared to swear that the girl in jail is the same whom you saw previous to the last five years in Mr. Miller's house?

Answer—Yes, sir. I have always known the girl to be free. We have no slaves, nor runaways in our neighbourhood—at least not to my knowledge. I have seen her frequently during the younger years of her life; and also from 4, 5 or 6 or 10 times a year—have no knowledge of any marks being upon the woman.

James F. Pollock was next called and sworn—Am 49 years of age, a farmer by occupation, and reside in West Nottingham township, Chester county, Pa.; have resided there for the last 20 years. Saw the girl Rachael, on the day before yesterday, in jail; she recognised me, and said "how do you do, Mr. Pollock, how is your family?" I knew Mr. Joseph C. Miller; he resided in West Nottingham township; I have known him since the year 1822. I have resided a little better than a quarter of a mile from her residence for nearly 20 years past; have known the girl, Rachael, since she came to Joseph C. Miller's, between 7 and 8 years; have known the parents since the time they got married, for about that time she (Rachael's mother), came and got some butter for the wedding; have known the girl Rachael for several years, and have seen her frequently whilst she lived with Mr. Miller; I have no doubt that the girl Rachael, who I saw yesterday, is the same who has been living with Mr. Miller. Am a member of the Presbyterian church, and do not belong to any society to obstruct the recovery of slaves.

By Mr. Preston—Mr. Pollock, why do you remember that the girl Rachael had lived with Mr. Miller for the last seven years? Answer.—Because I have helped to take out the wheat and grain off his place, and have been there frequently and have hanled lime there and taken receipts for it, at which time I have seen the girl, and which was about seven years ago.

James Muller, of West Nottingham township, Pa., testified in substance as follows:—Saw the girl since witness came to Baltimore, in the jail; have known her ever since she was born; she is about 17 years of age, was born about half a mile from where witness resides; have seen her frequently—as often as once a week for the last fourteen or fifteen years; her name was always Rachael Parker; has often come to witness' house; her mother brought her there when an infant; has conversed with her frequently; spoke to her about a month since; she resided with her mother and father until the latter left the mother about eight years ago, after which she lived with James Smith, in the same township, for one year; did not see her while living with Smith; did not know certainly where she had gone after her mother and father separated, but heard that she was at Smith's; after leaving Smith's went to live with Joseph C. Miller, and staid there until she was taken away, on Tuesday, December 30.

In addition to this, Mrs. Martin, the lady to whom the slave girl of Mr. Schoolfield had been hired for the three years preceding her flight, also testified that the girl under arrest bears no resemblance to the fugitive, Eliza Crocus.

On the other hand, witnesses on behalf of the claimant were equally positive, but, as it will be seen, they speak from their recollection of a person whom they had known at a period some time past; and for this reason, if for no other, their testimony should have little weight when conflicting with that of so unequivocal a character as the above

William H Schoolfield, a boy sixteen years of age, the son of the claimant. He testified that he knew and remembered the girl well; and that on Sunday he went to the jail with his father, and although there were sixteen coloured women in the room with the alleged fugitive, he immediately picked her out from among them. He further stated that she had not been described to him, either in dress or person previous to going to jail, nor had he heard any conversation as to her appearance; that he recognised her solely from his remembrance of her form and features, and that he has no doubt she is his father's fugitive slave.

Mrs. Schoolfield also testified to having fully identified the girl in jail as Eliza Crocus, her husband's slave. She also stated that the resemblance between the girl and old Juno, the mother of Eliza Crocus, was so great that it was impossible for them to make any mistake in the matter—she had not the slightest doubt in the world that the girl in jail was Mr. Schoolfield's fugitive slave.

Mrs. Sarah Johnson affirmed that she had been to the jail within a few days past, and fully recognised the girl in question as Eliza Crocus, who absconded about four years since from Mr. Schoolfield, along with her mother and sister. She also fully described the peculiarities in form and features of Juno, and asserted that the girl bore so strict a resemblance to her that no one who had seen them both could ever be mistaken.

Mrs. Hannah Dickbrunt testified that the girl, Eliza Crocus, and her mother Juno, had formerly belonged to her, and that she had visited the girl called Rachael Parker, in jail, and that there is no doubt in her mind that she and Eliza Crocus are one and the same person. Her resemblance to Juno, her mother, was so great that she could not be mistaken.

Mr. A. L. Schoolfield testified that he had executed the power of attorney, and authorized McCreary to arrest the girl—that he acted under full authority from him. The other daughter, Henrietta, was previously arrested, but the mother is still at large. He had sold her to Campbell a few days after she was arrested From her McCreary had obtained his knowledge of the whereabouts of Eliza, who is now in jail under the name of Rachael Parker. Henrietta acknowledged herself to be his slave, and described the members of his family, whom he named to her, as accurately as he could himself.

MARYLAND ON THE TREASON TRIALS.

MARYLAND, as represented by her official persons, indignantly resents the result of the trial of Hanway. She insists that he should have been hanged, and that neither Judge nor Jury knew what justice demanded when he was acquitted. What precisely she means to do to satisfy her offended dignity does not appear, though the Governor recommends that Pennsylvania be given to understand "that henceforth words will give place to acts." Is the fate of Miller the sort of act which the Governor of Maryland meant should be understood as recommended by his Message? Did the missing handkerchief with which the poor man was hanged belong to the State? Governor Lowe, in his Annual Message, thus speaks of the trial:

"I do not hesitate, nay, it is my sworn duty to speak the truth to you, and to say that the trial of Castner Hanway was a farce, which only added new insult to old injury. The offensive manner in which that trial was conducted, by subaltern officers, the manifestations of the rebel sympathizers, and the extraordinary decisions of the Court, will more fully appear to you, by reference to the lucid and powerful report of the Attorney General, herewith transmitted. This judicial exposition of the law of treason, as applied in Hanway's case, utterly annihilates the Fugitive Slave Act, if there was ever anything of substance in it susceptible of annihilation. It lays down the extraordinary doctrines, that the criminal must be shown to have had actual knowledge of the law which he has violated, before he can be found guilty of treason; and that the Fugitive Slave Act is a private remedy, and not in the nature of a public general law, armed resistance to which would amount to levying war against the Government.—These are the practical deductions from the charge of Judge Grier; and will apply to all other probable cases, as well as to that of Hanway. I state them broadly, as they certainly may be expected to operate hereafter. If Hanway's offence was not treason, then no resistance to the Fugitive Slave Act henceforth can be brought within the law of treason. Any one must see, at a single glance, that if this decision stands, the Fugitive Slave Act is a mockery and a delusion. If this be the law, why then were those trials undertaken? *Cui bono!* Was it to smooth over an unprecedented outrage with soft phraseologies, and the formalities of legal routine! This cannot be supposed. It is proper here to remark, that the Jurors stand blameless, because the charge of the Court prohibited a conviction. Neither will I question the integrity of the Judges, by ascribing to them any but the most correct motives, however fallacious their decision may be, through which the blood of Gorsuch has gone unrecognised, and the Constitution of the country unvindicated. That decision has closed the doors of the United States' Courts; and the violators of the law have gone back to Lancaster county, to answer the charge of murder before jurors of their own neighbourhood, and the Judges of their own local tribunals. How far Pennsylvania may yet succeed in wiping from her ancient escutcheon the foul dishonour, I shall not venture to predict. But it is time, Representatives of Maryland, that you should make it known, by positive measures, that the blood of your constituents shall not be shed by mobs, in the face of the sun, and the Constitution of our fathers, without a justification or a remedy. You should leave no lawful and constitutional power unused, to bring home to recreant States the force of your displeasure. Although a decided majority of the people of Pennsylvania may be, and doubtlessly are, in favour of the right; yet, they will be held accountable for the treason and murders perpetrated by their fanatics, whose lawless violence they fail to suppress or punish. No people can plead innocence, who stand by as passive spectators of crimes committed within their jurisdiction They are bound to enforce the right; else we hold them guilty of the wrong. Let that Commonwealth be distinctly given to understand that henceforth, words will give place to acts. You owe it to your honour; it is necessary to your peace; it is essential to your domestic security."

The report of the Attorney General we have not seen, but the Baltimore correspondent of the *Herald* gives the substance of it as follows:

The Hon. Robert J. Brent, late Attorney General of Maryland, and who was employed by this State to act as one of the counsel for the prosecution in the recent treason trials at Philadelphia, has made an official report of the trial of Castner Hanway to Governor Lowe. The document covers, in manu

long as the popular enthusiasm for Kossuth should continue. But when that shall be over, and the friends of Hungary should appeal to Mr. Webster to redeem his pledge, he could float with the new current by referring his interlocutors to the Greek speech itself. He either did not calculate, or was willing to take the risk, that the speech might be looked up by some curious somebody before it would be perfectly convenient to himself. The *Courier and Enquirer*, however, has exposed the dodge by quoting that speech and thus spoiling the baking of the cunning Secretary's cake. He said:

"Are we to go to war? Are we to interfere in the Greek cause, or any other European cause? Are we to endanger our pacific relations? NO, CERTAINLY NOT. What, then, the question recurs, remains for *us*? If we will not endanger our own peace; if we will neither furnish armies, nor navies, to the cause which we think the just one, what is there within *our* power?

"Sir, this reasoning mistakes the age. The time has been, indeed, when fleets and armies, and subsidies, were the principal alliance even in the best cause. But happily for mankind, there has arrived a great change in this respect. Moral causes come into consideration, in proportion as the progress of knowledge is advanced; and the PUBLIC OPINION of the civilized world is rapidly gaining ascendancy over mere brutal force. It is already able to oppose the most formidable obstruction to the progress of injustice and oppression; and, as it grows more intelligent and intense, it will be more and more formidable. It may be silenced by military power, but it cannot be conquered. It is elastic, irrepressible, and invulnerable to the weapons of ordinary warfare. It is that impassible, unextinguishable enemy of mere violence and arbitrary rule, which, like Milton's angels,

'Vital in every part,
Cannot, but by annihilating die.'"

If Mr. Webster lives long enough, he will believe what he says in this last paragraph to be true of other oppression than that of European, if indeed he has not already began to find it out.

THE foreign papers, by the last steamer, contradict the report of the death of Kossuth's mother. Kossuth himself has received it as true, though, perhaps, he has no better authority for believing it than the newspaper rumour.

☞CASSIUS M. CLAY has sent one hundred dollars to the Hungarian Committee in this city. In his letter to Mr. Greeley, he says:

"I am for committing myself—committing the people—committing the United States Government—and all free people against the despotic 'intervention' of Tyrants!—by word—by protest—by arms! If blood must cease to flow—'Let Messiours, the assassins set the example.'"

Notes on New Books.

GLANCES AT EUROPE; IN A SERIES OF LETTERS, &c. BY HORACE GREELEY. *New York: Dewitt and Davenport.* 1851

We confess to have read Mr. Greeley's letters for the first time in this volume. We were not tempted, after the glance we gave the first two or three as they appeared in the *Tribune*, to make any further acquaintance with them. We preferred to wait for Mr. Greeley's return to his desk, where he certainly is at home to some purpose, before we listened again to his opinions or profited our understandings by his observations and conclusions.

But in the preface, Mr. Greeley's very candid acknowledgement of the want of literary merit and the superficial character of the letters quite disposed us to acquaint ourselves with their contents. Of course, in these respects, after such an admission, no one need find fault with the book, but it is open to other and quite as serious criticism.

As the leader of a large party, and as the conductor of the public press, we suppose that Mr. Greeley is a fair representative of American Ideas; and if we meant to write an extended review of his book, it would be in this character we should discuss him and it. His mistakes and errors are those which characterize this country and people. It is the entire subjection of the ideal to the practical—the application of certain narrow tests to the institutions, circumstances and conditions of other nations—the measuring the limits of great architectural or natural objects by American standards—these are the prominent faults of the book, as of ourselves as a people.

Mr. Greeley made his journey in a hurry, he thought in a hurry; he wrote in a hurry; and he was dissatisfied with every thing abroad that was not done in a hurry. Their steamboats were too slow; their railways too slow; all their machinery too slow. The conveniences of travel by railway abroad are inferior to our own, because the same number of human bodies cannot be stowed into as many square feet in their passenger cars as in ours. All that he seems to consider essential and desirable in life is to "go ahead!" He does not stop to consider how much less waste of human life there is upon their railways and steamboats than upon ours, and of how much greater importance is human life, and safety, and happiness, than mere mechanical speed.

But, as we have said, Mr. Greeley is so filled with the American idea that, even under the arches of Westminster Abbey, or the Dome of St. Peter's, he is still true to his nature and to his birth-place. Westminster Abbey does not seat as many people as some ten of the New York churches; as if Westminster Abbey were a meeting-house! And the Church of St. Peters also must be subjected to American measurement. He does not even recognise the obvious distinction between human and divine architecture in comparing any one thing that he sees abroad with another that exists at home. Thus he compares St. Peter's at Rome to the Falls of Niagara in the United States! "We take pleasure or should take pleasure," says Ruskin, "in architectural construction altogether as the manifestation of an admirable human intelligence: it is not the strength, nor the size, nor the finish of the work which we are to venerate: rocks are always stronger, mountains always larger, all natural objects more finished; but it is the intelligence and resolution of man in overcoming physical difficulty which are to be the source of our pleasure and subject of our praise." This seems never to have been dreamed of in Mr. Greeley's philosophy; or if it has, his American mania gets the better of his judgment; and as St. Peter's is unquestionably larger than any meeting-house, or perhaps even than any Cotton Factory in the United States, he could measure his admiration of it only by comparison with some stupendous work which it has pleased God to create on this continent. Had he gone to Egypt, he would, perhaps, have overwhelmed the Sphynx by the waters of Lake Erie; and had he visited Cologne, her Cathedral would have sunk into insignificance when he remembered the length and swiftness of the Missouri River. His veneration for the mighty works of man, as well as those of God, his respect, so far as he has any, for the old, the time-honoured, the vast wrecks and relics of past ages, he subjects to the intense spirit of nationality, which, not satisfied with ourselves for what we are, insists that what we are is better, and greater, and nobler, than all we are not, and can not be, for the same good reason that the child can not be his own father.

Mr. Greeley's book has been, so far as we know, universally praised. There is in it much of shrewed observation and solid information, and this, were we, as we said above, writing a review, we should be bound and glad to recognise, and give due credit for, at the same time that we should not pass over unnoticed what seem to us hasty conclusions, and immature opinions, in other directions than that to which we have here alluded. But our purpose in this brief notice is not to strike a balance, and pronounce a judgment—which, by the bye, the public have already done by calling for several editions—but to point to that which to us is its most obvious and most objectionable feature, though precisely the one to which exception is least likely to be taken by our newspapers generally.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS AND SPEECHES OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, WITH AN APPENDIX. *Boston: R. F. Wallcut*, 21 *Cornhill*. 1852.

Whatever the coming years may have in store for us; whether the spirit of despotism shall be triumphant, in this country, and its destiny be determined, either in whole or in part, by the slave-power now struggling desperately with the spirit of liberty; this, at least, is certain, that the Anti-Slavery movement has already an historical importance. Twenty years of an agitation, which, we are assured on the highest authority, if we needed any assurance of so palpable a fact, has reached that height, that on its suppression depends the salvation of the Union, is worth tracing from its source, and in its growth, even to that point where it assumes so threatening an aspect to those who love and cherish Slavery for its own sake, and to those who are anxious to leave it unmolested lest, in its destruction, much else should be disturbed which may be rightfully cherished. Its source was in that young printer whom the Hon. Harrison Gray Otis found in a garret, with a negro lad for his only assistant, and thought him, therefore, not worth the finding. The wiser legislators of Georgia, estimating men after their manner, thought him cheap at five thousand dollars. Their instincts, at least, were prophetic; and if the man was humble and unknown, they knew his words were none the less to be dreaded. He not only spoke the eternal truth, but he was in earnest in speaking, and, what was of no little consequence, he had the ability to speak it in terms and tones that must needs command a hearing, and carry conviction to many minds. They had reason enough for wishing his suppression, and though it is not strange that the respectable mayor of Boston should have thought then that their fears were unfounded, it is remarkable that nearly twenty years afterward, with the result before him, he should have acknowledged his want of foresight, as well as what he would have been willing to do if he had foreseen.

Aside from their intrinsic merit and power, the writings of Mr. Garrison, as the pioneer in the Anti-Slavery movement, have this historical value. The selections in this volume are made with care and judgment, and from them, one not familiar with the progress of the cause may learn much of its beginning, its growth, and the obstacles with which it has had to contend. Therefore it is well that they have been rescued from the partial obscurity in which they were buried in newspaper articles now not easily attainable But still more valuable are they as a transcript of the mind of the writer himself. Among his other distinctions, Mr. Garrison's friends know that he is entitled to be considered as the best misunderstood man in this country. The Verities of History are often the merest fables, and historical fame the merest accident. The Muse was not likely to have erased his name from her page, but it would not have been strange had she made him a myth. He acquired a reputation from fifteen to twenty years ago which is the evidence, not of his character, but of that of those who heard of him, and talked about him. But the image which other men made has come to be believed a true portrait, and sober History might have transferred it to her collection as a veritable original. If the wise public should read this volume, it will wonder that it could ever paint so badly, and find the real Mr. Garrison to be quite another man than what it made up its mind he was twenty years ago.

SPEECHES, ADDRESSES, AND OCCASIONAL SERMONS, BY THEODORE PARKER, MINISTER OF THE XXVIIITH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH IN BOSTON. 2 *Volumes. Boston: Wm. Crosby and H. P. Nichols. New York: C. S. Francis & Co.* 1852.

Mr. Parker, in his Preface to these two volumes, offers them 'to whom they may concern.' It is a dedication, at the very least, to all the American people, and he, doubtless, would be quite satisfied if they alone would read and profit by them. But an independent thinker is not more obnoxious in Austria or France than he is sure to be in the United States, though not precisely the same measures are taken here to render such persons harmless. In some of the States, however, there is no difference, and there these volumes would not be permitted to be sold, and their author, should he be found within their borders, would be arrested, imprisoned, and possibly be hanged. At the North, where measures so extreme are not resorted to for the suppression of such a disturber of the public tranquillity, the conservators of public morality attempt to render him equally innocuous by preventing his being heard. Incendiary publications are as much prohibited among us by popular opinion as they are by statute among our Southern neighbours.

These speeches, addresses, and sermons come under that head, and the class of readers, therefore, who think they have any concern with them is not a large one, as compared with the whole people. But that class will be grateful to their author for reproducing them in volumes. Some of them have been listened to with delight by his own religious congregation; others have been received with enthusiasm by popular assemblies; and nearly all have been read in newspapers, or pamphlets, by the thousands, who, notwithstanding his heresies, political and theological, seize with avidity any thing coming from Mr. Parker. He holds it to be his duty, as both his friends and enemies do not forget, and the last cannot forgive, to come forward at the moment when the public mind is most excited, to turn, so far as he can, that excitement to the best account, and to direct into its true channel. These volumes mark the occasions when he has done so for the last seven years, and they contain accordingly all those speeches and sermons which, during that time, have made him most obnoxious on the one hand, and most admired on the other. Among Anti-Slavery people, therefore, the books are sure of a wide circulation.

SIX YEARS IN A GEORGIA PRISON. NARRATIVE OF LEWIS W. PAINE. *New York: Printed for the Author.* 1851.

Mr. Paine is a native of the town of Smithfield, Rhode Island, and is just thirty-three years of age. Six years of his life he has passed among criminals of the worst sort, at hard labour, and subjected to harder usage, in the States-Prison of Georgia. During that period his wife died, and many months passed away before even the intelligence of her death was permitted to reach him; and his children, the youngest of whom he had never seen, were consigned to the care of strangers. The world had forgotten him in his bondage, and he had almost forgotten the world. The prison doors had closed upon a youth before whom life, to that moment, opened fair, and prosperous, and happy: they were shut against him, six years later, prematurely old, friendless, homeless, and without hope.

His fate, in all this, was no worse than that of many a criminal, whom the outraged laws condemn to reap the bitter fruits of crime. And how far he may be deserving of commisseration, depends, in a measure, upon the nature of the act of which he was convicted.

It was this: He was seen, when on a journey, to be accompanied by a negro who, he acknowledged, was not his slave. The man was believed to be a runaway, and both were arrested, though the coloured man soon after contrived to escape. Paine, however, was taken to the town where he had resided. A neighbour there had lost a slave; the man who had eluded his captors—and who did not know him—was supposed to be this slave. The prisoner was accused of aiding his escape, and on this supposition he was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment in the States-prison, six years of which he served as we have already stated.

He was arrested on suspicion, and convicted on suspicion, for there was no evidence against him that he had committed the act of which he was accused. From the Narrative, however, we learn that of the crime, such as it was, he was really guilty, though his judges only guessed at it. The negro was the man he was supposed to be. For months he had lurked in concealment in the woods, where he would have died rather than have been taken. He appealed to Paine, as one whom he knew to be a friend to his people, to aid him to escape, and he was guiding the poor-fellow to a neighbouring State when both were captured.

For the details of the story, the history of life in a Southern prison, as well as much interesting matter on the condition of society at the South, we refer to the book itself. It may be had, we presume, at all the Anti-Slavery offices.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY CHILDHOOD. BY GRACE GREENWOOD. *Boston: Ticknor, Reed and Fields.* 1852.

This is a very pretty entertaining little book for children, but lacks the vivid and graphic style of "Our Pets," by the same author. It cannot fail to be a favourite, however, for, like the former, the stories are so real and home-like that no child would think of asking the question which is ever uppermost with young inquirers, "Are they true stories or only made up?" Nothing delights them so much as to be able to believe what they read. Such is the simple trust and faith of innocent childhood.

But this book is open to the same objection which we felt to "Our Pets"—that of presenting painful and harrowing pictures of suffering to the minds of young children. It is more than a doubtful question whether it is kind or merciful to force them thus prematurely to contemplate sorrows or evils that life in its course is very sure to bring, and from the experience of which for a few brief years they are, or may be, happily exempt. A happy childhood is something of which the recollection lasts a life-time—a fund of pleasant memories to fall back upon through all its vicissitudes. Often the tone of a man's or woman's whole life is given by the circumstances of the very earliest years. Few parents are aware of how much depends upon the impressions of the dawning years of life, not only the present happiness of the child, but the future character and development of the man. We think Grace Greenwood, with her evident genius for making children's books, which is a rare gift, has not given her serious attention to this matter.

Communications.

MEETINGS IN HERKIMER COUNTY,

BY MISS SALLIE HOLLEY, PARKER PILLSBURY, AND LEWIS FORD.

DEAR FRIEND GAY: We shall close our present campaign to-morrow. We have held about sixty meetings, in twenty and more different places, with various success, and with audiences of sometimes two or three persons, and sometimes about that number of hundreds. Much of the time, the weather has been most intensely unpropitious, the cold exceeding that of any other winter for many years past.

What strikes us most forcibly here, as well as everywhere else, is the perverted state of the moral sentiment, even among very many people professing to be Abolitionists. To hold a principle sacred, and to be guided by it strictly and sternly, seems no part of their intention even; surely no part of their action. The Buffalo Platform was broken down by the ponderous weight of thousands of betrayers of their own principles; and the few Liberty Party men who remain true to their original faith, and to the cause of the slave, are dreading the next Presidential campaign almost as they dread death, because they see and say that it will sift them again as wheat.

We have encountered no opposition half so bitter, if so malignant, as from men claiming to be the very elite and elect of the Liberty Party. Generally, they have been members of some church, which we have shown to be almost *totally depraved*, in both religious and political Hunkerism—sustaining Slavery in both the church and government; at the sacrament of the ballot box, and the communion of the Lord's Supper. You have no idea how some men wrap themselves up in the self-righteousness of having *voted for the slave* (as they call it), and denounced as traitors and tyrants the Whigs, Democrats and Free Soil men—men who are baptized in the same water, who eat and drink the same "body and blood," pay tithes to the same priest, and worship at the same altar; and when we expose their absurdity and inconsistency, they show themselves to be the most waspish opponents we meet—utterly incapable (if not something worse) of perceiving and acting out a plain, self-evident principle.

We had an instance, last Sunday, at Unadilla Forks. Most of the church members there go up to their temples and thank their God that they are not "extortioners" like the Whigs, "unjust" like the Democrats, nor even as the "publicans" of Free Soil. They vote twice in a year, and to the slave give tithes of all the prayers they make. And yet, when we unfolded the pro-slavery fraud, wickedness and hypocrisy of the Baptist churches, I know not where there has been such a demonstration as we beheld.

We were willing to attribute much of the opposition to the mistake under which the people are labouring, from having listened to the fraud and falsehood of their priests. It is atrocious the way these creatures do deceive their deluded flocks. A Justice of the Peace denied point blank that the Calvanistic Baptist Church had had, or could have any connection with Slavery since 1848, when the separation in their Missionary movements was ratified by the formation of a new association, excluding slaveholders from all participation; and at first, he seemed an honest man. It was in vain, however, that we denied the fact of entire or of even any separation. It was in vain that we produced the articles of their Constitution, and challenged any one to show the line or letter that proclaimed any separation whatever. It was in vain that I assured the meeting of my having procured the Constitution at their own "Missionary Rooms" in Boston, and that I asked the Reverend Secretaries of the Board to point out the prohibitory clauses, and that they turned over the pages again and again to no purpose. It was in vain that we showed, from documentary evidence, that the new association had all along been sustaining slaveholding Churches among the Indians. It was in vain that we showed that when resolutions had been offered in its meetings, to the effect that *no slaveholder should ever be employed as a Missionary*, such resolutions had been voted down, or not entertained; and equally in vain was it that we showed that many of its Life Members are in slave States, even as far South as Georgia and Mississippi. The Justice still declared himself unconvinced, while a wide fringe of rowdies hung on the outside of our audience, whose hisses and clatter, of various kinds, in support of the opposition made to us, greatly disturbed, and at length almost broke up, the meeting.

I asked one of the disturbers, on the evening before, one who showed himself exceedingly base, if he was not a member of the church. He promptly said, No, to the surprise of some who do not yet know how coolly a lie can be told by a sitter at the sacramental board. We were told afterwards that he was a member, and had been for years. He kept his place with the scorners and scoffers during both evenings. When Miss Holley carried round the hat for a contribution, they showed how *polite* they could be *to a lady*—one, too, who had taken no part whatever in the discussion—by throwing in large numbers of buttons, spurious coins, and other articles; among the rest, several *quids of tobacco*, which had been faithfully baptized (*immersed*, the new Baptist translation of the Bible reads) in the saliva of their *cleanly* mouths, and so well fitted to their purpose.

Who could wonder at the young men, and members of the church? When the ministers preach such unblushing falsehoods, and Justices of the Peace and Magistrates bear them out in it, and refuse to yield assent to facts and declarations based on the official records and documents of their own associations; nay, deny their own written, printed and published authorities, when produced before them; when such things are done in high places, who could or should wonder if the irresponsible outside circle should even tear down the meeting-houses over our heads?

There are a few true men at Unadilla Forks. Indeed, much credit is due to the Free Will Baptists, as a Society, for suspending their regular Sunday exercises, and allowing us the gratuitous use of their convenient meeting-house; and there are in that church some who will not much longer remain unless, in obedience to the Word and Spirit of God, as seen particularly in the progress of the age, the church goes up to a much higher position than at present it occupies.

There are other places of which I intended to speak, as well as other subjects. But it must not be now.

Yours, and your readers',
PARKER PILLSBURY.

CEDARVILLE, Herkimer Co., Jan. 14, 1852.

XXXIId CONGRESS.....First Session.

We condense from the Congressional Reports all of the proceedings of the past week that are of any general interest.

In the House on the 13th

The SPEAKER laid several Executive communications before the House, one in reply to Mr. Bayly's resolution, from the State Department, relative to a circular issued by the Secretary of State for the British Colonies in October, 1851, as to the employment of H. B. Majesty's West India colonies of free blacks and liberated slaves from the United States, and particularly what action the Legislative Assemblies of the British West India islands have taken in pursuance of the suggestions contained in the said circular. Mr. Abbott Lawrence's letter to Mr. Webster is enclosed, dated London, Nov. 14, 1851, in which he says in substance that he was assured by Lord Grey and Lord Palmerston that he never intended to sanction or suggest entering into any arrangement with regard to slaves not first known to and proved by their masters, and that so far from supposing that any American would or could complain of the proposed arrangement, it was believed that the slaveholders would receive it with satisfaction and join in carrying it into effect. The dispatch in question was sent to the West Indies sometime in the autumn of 1850, and as it never had been heard of in the United States, Mr. Lawrence apprehends it was never acted upon in the Colonial Legislature. It grew out of the action of the late Mr. Turnbull, who was of the Mexican Commission in Cuba, and an agent of this Government in matters connected with the Slave Trade.

The communication was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. Adjourned.

SENATE, Jan. 15.

The memorial praying for the restoration of flogging in the Navy was taken up, and

Mr. MALLORY resumed, by reading lengthy extracts from reports of the Secretary of the Navy, and various writers on the subject, showing the importance of flogging as a part of the discipline of the Navy. He pointed out the evil consequences and results of abolishing flogging, thereby letting the sailors know that the commander has no power to execute any prompt punishment for insubordination or neglect of duty. Those who refuse to do duty, those who skulk, and idlers, desire no greater pleasure than imprisonment, when they are relied from active duty, and when others are obliged to attend upon them, and attend to their clothing, food, &c. By the officers of the Navy, and the seamen themselves, this punishment was desired. Nineteen-twentieths of them all would, if asked, say, restore flogging in the Navy, no good sailor was ever flogged. Flogging may have been carried, by some officers, to a great extent, and may have been abused, but this was no reason why it should be dispensed with altogether. All the measures of punishment by officers may at times be abused; but for that reason should they all be abolished? No officer of the Navy ever lashed a sailor without a feeling of reluctance; and there was no officer but would favour the abolition if the honour and discipline of the Navy could be maintained without it. Let it be restored, but with restrictions; and then the Navy would be what all desire it should be—an honour to our country and a powerful bulwark of defence.

Mr. HALE said that he was not prepared now to address the Senate fully on the subject; but the battle had been fought and victory won. The contest for the restoration of the lash was but the throes of death of an infamous relic of barbarity—it was but the floundering of a whale that had been thoroughly harpooned. No great power ever yet was vanquished but its adherents would occasionally gather a small force and carry on a guerilla war. The philanthropy which abolished flogging in the navy did not alone exist among those from that section which the Senator supposed was led off by fanaticism. Mr. McKay, of North Carolina, year after year introduced it and inserted it in appropriation bills, and the late Dixon H. Lewis had often told him (Hale) that his efforts in this cause were right. The Senator complained that the Navy was fast going into disrepute, that the recruiting service failed, &c., all because Congress had been led off by false philanthropy, and refused to let sailors be flogged. He could hardly suppose Senators were serious in supposing that sailors refused to enlist in the Navy, because if they did they could not enjoy the privilege of having their backs excoriated with the cat-o'-nine-tails. If the alternative were presented to him of no Navy, or Navy with the lash, he would adopt the former. If the lash and the Navy are to exist together, let them go down together. He knew it to be a fact that sailors had not regretted its abolition. He had been thanked by resolutions and letters from sailors for his efforts in this cause. Go on board a ship of a thousand sailors. Let the officers be there, and if you take a vote perhaps nine hundred and ninety-nine would be in favour of flogging; but send your officers ashore, and the majority will be reversed; nine hundred and ninety-nine will be against the lash, and the other man cannot be found. He moved, and the subject was postponed for one week.

The Senate then went into Executive session, when the doors were opened.

Mr. JAMES introduced a joint resolution providing for a board of practical Engineers to investigate the cause of explosion of steam-boilers, and the best means to prevent the same.

Mr. FELCH offered a resolution directing inquiry into certain Indian claims. Adopted.

Private bills were passed, and the Senate adjourned till Monday.

HOUSE, Jan. 15.

Mr. CONGER asked leave to introduce a joint resolution declaratory of the Law of Nations in relation to the doctrine of non-intervention and the right of every nation to establish for itself such form of government as the people thereof may think suitable to their own condition and best adapted to promote and secure their own prosperity and happiness. Also declaring the view entertained by the Government and people of the United States of the conduct of Russia, to the armed intervention of that power in the late war between Austria and Hungary.

Mr. BAYLY—I move the resolution be referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

Mr. JONES (Tenn.)—Has previous notice been taken of it?

SPEAKER—No.

Mr. JONES—I object to it.

SPEAKER—Then it goes over.

SENATE, Jan. 19.

Mr. FISH presented the petition of the New York State Colonisation Society, praying for the establishment of a line of Mail steamers between the United States and Africa, which was referred to the Naval Committee. Numerous petitions were presented, all of private character.

Mr. CLARK introduced a joint resolution declaring adherence to the present long-established policy of the United States against all entangling alliances, &c. Laid on the table and printing ordered.

The following are Mr. Clark's Joint Resolutions:

Be it Resolved, &c., That Congress recognises and re-affirms these manifest truths, that governments are instituted among men, to secure the inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, deriving their just power from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to constitute a new government, laying its foundation upon such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.

Resolved, That while we claim for ourselves these comprehensive rights of self-government, and also as a consequence of sovereignty, the right to be exempt from the coercion, control or interference of others in the management of our internal affairs, we concede to others the same measure of right, the same unqualified independence.

Resolved, That it is upon the sacred principle of independent sovereignty that we regulate our intercourse with other nations recognising governments de facto, without inquiring by what means they have been established, or in what manner they exercise their powers.

Resolved, That this Government has solemnly adopted, and will perseveringly adhere to, as a principle of international action, the advice given by Washington in his Farewell Address: "Observe good faith and justice toward all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all; give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Sympathy for a favourite nation betrays itself into a participation in the quarrels and wars of another without adequate inducement or justification. Against the wiles of a foreign influence the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake, for foreign influence is the most baneful foe of Republican Governments: the true rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little connection as possible. Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why be interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, and entangle our peace and prosperity, in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humour or caprice?"

Resolved, That while we cherish the liveliest sympathy toward all who strive for freedom of opinion and for free institutions, yet we recognise one true policy in the great fundamental principles given to us by Jefferson: "Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations—entangling alliances with none.

Resolved, That we adhere to these essential principles of non-intervention, as forming the true and lasting foundation of our prosperity and happiness; yet, whenever a provident foresight shall warn us that our own liberty and institutions are threatened, then a just regard to our own safety will require us to advance to the conflict, rather than await the approach of the foes of Constitutional Freedom and Human Liberty.

HOUSE Jan. 19.

The House refused to suspend the rules to allow Mr. Disney to introduce a resolution to grant the use of the Hall, to-morrow evening, for the American Colonisation Society's meeting.

Mr. CLINGHAM asked leave to offer the following:

Whereas, Some of the States of this Union have in their Constitutions provided for the absolute exclusion of free negroes from their territories, while others have sought to obtain the same object by legislation; and,

Whereas, Complaints have at times been made by other States and nations; therefore,

Resolved, That in the opinion of the House of Representatives, it is the unquestionable right of each one of the States to exclude either wholly or partially from her territory, negroes, either free or slaves, and that the exercise of this right affords no just ground of complaint to other States or nations.

Objection was made, and the suspension of the rules to introduce the resolution refused, by 69 against 71.

Miscellaneous Items.

THE Colonisation Society of New Jersey propose to purchase a tract of land in Liberia, comprising 160,000 acres, and call it "New Jersey." It is thought the sum necessary to effect the purchase, (only $750), can be raised without difficulty.

——NATURE'S NOBLEMEN.—"Dear Sir," lisped a lady in a watered silk at the World's Fair, "have the goodness to inform me if there are any noblemen in the United States?" "Yes, ma'am," answered a full fed Jonathan, who was munching an apple, "and I'm one of 'em."

——SLAVES LIBERATED.—*The Cincinnati Gazette* says: The Colonisation Agent for Ohio, Mr. David Christy, informs us that a lady of this city offers about twenty-eight slaves to be sent to Liberia, by the first vessel sailing from a Southern port with emigrants; and that, besides their clothing, &c., they will receive about $800, on setting sail, as a means of giving them a little start in their new home.

——EMIGRANTS TO LIBERIA.—Fifty-one negroes, emancipated by the will of the late John W. Houghton, left this city on Wednesday morning last, in the steamer Hancock for Savannah, on their way to Liberia. They will leave in the packet which is expected to sail from that port for Liberia in a few days.

Ample provisions is make by the will for an outfit for them, and for their support for a reasonable time after reaching the colony.—*Augusta Republic.*

——AN ORATORICAL GEM.—Mr. Foote, of Miss., in replying to Mr. Rhett, of S. C., said: "He did not think the secessionists had much regard for General Jackson's messages. They don't read them. The devil himself would as soon be found sitting in a fence corner of a cold frosty morning, reading the holy scriptures of Almighty God, as these gentry would be reading General Jackson's Messages."

——SLAVES BROUGHT TO CUBA.—A letter, dated HAVANA, Dec. 31, states that four cargoes of African slaves, numbering in the aggregate 1,980 souls have lately been landed on the island. A Spanish brig, with 700 slaves, was detected in the act of landing, and 430 of them seized and bound out for seven years, after which they will be sent to Jamaica.—*Balt. Sun.*

——EMIGRATION FROM NORTH CAROLINA TO CALIFORNIA.—We understand that a considerable emigration of slaveowners with their slaves is going forward to California from North Carolina, who are versed in the business of gold digging. A party of twenty-three North Carolinians arrived here yesterday, in the cars, with twenty nine slaves, who are about to take passage in the Isabel for HAVANA, purposing to take the overland route.—*Charleston News, Jan. 6th.*

——VIRGINIAN PRICES-CURRENT.—A few days ago twenty one slaves belonging to the estate of Wm. Pendleton, consisting of old and young men, women and children, and not regarded as above ordinary, were sold at Lynchburg, VA., at the average price of $663. One negro man, without a trade, sold for $1023; a woman with a child ten months old, sold for $950; and a girl aged eleven years for $600. On the public roads of Virginia, slave men are hiring at from $120 to $150 per month.

——COOK OF A BOSTON VESSEL ARRESTED AT CHARLESTON AS A SLAVE!—The Charleston *Evening News*, of the 3d inst., says: "A negro man named John Breese, a cook on board the brig Corinth, Captain Chase, from Boston, was arrested as a runaway slave on Monday, the 27th ult., by officers Dusenberry and Blewit. The warrant for his arrest was issued by Magistrate Gyles, upon the affidavit of one Smith, a seaman on board the said vessel, who deposed that the negro John was a slave of Joseph Brown, in Smyrna, Del., and that he knew him as such in the said city. He has been committed to jail, where he may be identified by his master when heard from, should the statements in the affidavit be correct."

——DANIEL WEBSTER IN SPAIN.—A Madrid paper, speaks of the Sec'y. of State as "the venerable author of the most complete Etymological Dictionary in the English language known in England and America, the coldest Presbyterian ever baptized according to the right of Calvin, in the State of Massachusetts, the most verbose and courteous of the Puritans who people the manufactories of the beautiful city of Boston, in the State of New England, in his present office of Secretary of State of the Anglo-American Republican, has answered the just claims of our government."

——SCHOOLS IN NEW YORK.—The Superintendent of Common Schools in this State, in his Report, just published, says of the number of Schools in this State that:

The whole number of school districts in the State on the first day of July last, was 11,479; of which 8,507 are composed of territory wholly situated in the respective towns in which the school houses are located, and the remaining 2,972 are joint districts, comprehending portions of two or more towns. As the trustees of each of these latter districts are required to report to the town superintendents of each of the towns from portions of which the districts are composed, the number of parts of districts included in these reports is stated at 5,651 Returns in accordance with law, have been received from 8,318 whole and 5,524 part districts, leaving 189 whole districts, and 127 parts of districts only, from which no reports have been received. Assuming, as has hitherto been customary, each of these joint districts to consist of territory situated in two towns, it will appear that reports have been received from 11,080 districts, leaving 399 from which no returns have been made.

The average period during which the schools were kept open, under the charge of duly qualified teachers, was seven months and seventeen days.

The whole number of children between the ages of five and sixteen years, residing in the several districts, on the 31st of December, 1850, was 753,047; and the whole number of children reported by the trustees as having been under instruction, for a longer or shorter period during the year, was 726,291. From the more detailed statement, however, made up from the teachers lists of attendance for the different periods required to be stated for the information of the department, the accuracy of which may safely be relied upon, it appears that the whole number of children under instruction during the year was 800,430. Of this number, 7,037 were under instruction during the entire year; 43,306 for a period of ten months and less than twelve; 59,962 for eight months and less than ten; 110,981 for six months and less than eight; 170,005 for four months and less than six; 212,578 for two months and less than four, and 196,561 for a less period than two months.

The number of unincorporated select and private schools within the limits of the several districts, during the year reported, was 2,277, and the number of pupils in attendance on such schools was 45,840.

The number of schools for coloured children in the State is 105; and the number of children between the ages of 5 and 16 taught in said schools during the year reported, was 5,805.

The number of volumes in the several district libraries, on the 31st day of December, 1850, was 1,507,077 showing an increase during the year reported of 57,127 volumes.

——"GORSUCH, THE HUNGARIAN."—A letter from Harrisburg, Pa., relates a good joke that is current there just now. A gentleman (not too well informed on the topics of the day, it would appear) who happened to be one of the first to proclaim the tidings of the Magyar chief's intention to *pay the capital a visit*, entered an office in which sat a group of men, discussing the theme of intervention and non-intervention, our hero quoth,

"Did you hear the news?"

"No, what is it?"

"*Gorsuch* is coming!"

"Who?"

"Why *Gorsuch, the Hungarian patriot!*"

It is needless to add that after the paroxysms of laughter had, in a measure, subsided, he was informed that the unfortunate victim of his imprudence at Christiana and the Hungarian chief were two different individuals.

——RETURN OF ENCKE'S COMET.—This singular and interesting comet was discovered on Tuesday evening, at the observatory of Harvard University, at Cambridge, by Mr. M. Tuttle, 2d assistant, who describes it as coming towards the earth, and thinks that more of it will be seen, if the clouds do not prevent. On Monday evening it was observed at the National Observatory, Washington, by Mr. Ferguson, through the large equatorial. It is described as a faint white nebula, with brilliancy capable of bearing only the faintest illumination. Nearly thirty years have elapsed since the period of revolution of this comet was discovered by M. Encke of Berlin, whose name it bears, to be about forty months or a little more than three years.

——THE AZTEC CHILDREN.—Every renewed visit to the lecture room of the Society Library heightens the curiosity which persons in the least degree interested in ethnological science must feel while looking at these unique specimens of semi-humanity. We do wish some impartial gentleman, thoroughly informed upon the subject, would give the public a scientific and honest opinion as to their origin, positive intellectual capabilities so far as physical organisation is concerned, and their exact ethnological position. They form an exceedingly novel and interesting object of study. We have introduced several friends to the exhibition, every one of whom has been both surprised and pleased, and not a little puzzled how to classify them.

Some of their movements are childish—some almost baboonish; and yet they give undeniable evidences of intelligence and even quickness of perception; and we have thought that their introduction to so many visitors, since the exhibition was opened, has developed more fully the traits of intellectual character, and heightened the expression of their countenances. If this be so, the mystery of the whole subject is increased We would sincerely advise readers to visit them; they form a pleasing tableaux, a sight to be remembered for a life time; and when the discussions, which will probably follow their exhibition, arise, all intelligent persons will regret not having seen them.—(*Com. Adv.*

Marriages.

STICKNEY—KENDALL,—In Washington City, on the 15th inst., William Stickney, formerly of Bangor, Maine, to Miss Jeannie, daughter of Hon. Amos Kendall.

PALMER—DEWEY.—In Taunton, Mass., Abel Palmer, Jr., to Laura Dewey, niece of Rev. Orville Dewey, D. D.

WILDER—PEAKES.—In Hingham, Mass., 8th inst., by Rev. Mr. Richardson, William W. Wilder to Elisa F. Peakes, daughter of the late Joseph Peakes, all of Hingham.

Deaths.

GRIFFIN.—In this city, on the 12th inst., of inflammation of the lungs, Francis Griffin, counsellor at law. aged 49 years.

MACY.—At Poughkeepsie, on the 10th inst., of consumption, Caroline, wife of John H. Macy, aged 24 years.

BROWN—Recently, at Rochester, N. Y., Dr. Matthew Brown, one of the earliest advocates for the Abolition of Slavery in this State.

PINSON.—At Scituate, R. I., on the 22d ult, Mrs. Sarah Pinson, aged one hundred and three years and three months.

CHENEY.—At Olneyville, R. I., on the 4th inst., Martin Cheney, in the 60th year of his age.

TUCHER.—At Boston, on the 12th inst., Martha Robeson, wife of Mr. Alanson Tucker, and daughter of Andrew Robeson, of New Bedford, aged 31.

SMITH.—At Newark, N. J., 11th inst., Mrs. F L., wife of Dr. L. A Smith, and daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Edward Dorr Griffin, President of William College, Mass.

SAWYERS.—At Washington City, D. C., Jan. 9, Hon. Lemuel Sawyers, for several years a Representative in Congress from North Carolina.

CHASE.—At Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 14th inst., Mrs. Chase, wife of Hon. S. P. Chase, U. S. Senator.

POLK.—At Columbia, Tennessee, of apoplexy, on the 12th inst., Mrs. Polk, mother of the late ex-President.

MURRAY.—At Cairo, Egypt, Mrs. Murray, wife of Hon. George Augustus Murray, British Consul for Egypt, and daughter of the late Hon. James Wardsworth, of Genesee, N. Y.

Notices.

Anti-Slavery Convention in Cincinnati, Ohio.

FRIENDS OF FREEDOM—We invite you to meet in Convention in Cincinnati, on TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and THURSDAY, April, 27th, 28th, and 29th, 1852, commencing at 9 1-2 o'clock A. M., of the first named day,

We call upon you without distiction of party, to come together in the spirit of fraternal

Poetry.

From Dickens' "Christmas No. of Household Words."

THE ORPHAN'S DREAM OF CHRISTMAS.

It was Christmas Eve—and lonely,
By a garret window high,
Where the city chimneys barely
Spared a hand's-breadth of the sky,
Sat a child, in age—but weeping,
With a face so small and thin,
That it seemed too scant a record
To have eight years traced therein.

Oh, grief looks most distorted
When his hideous shadow lies
On the clear and sunny life-stream
That doth fill a child's blue eyes!
But *her* eye was dull and sunken
And the whiten'd cheek was gaunt,
And the blue veins on the forehead
Were the pencilling of Want.

And she wept for years like jewels
Till the last year's bitter gall,
Like the acid of the story,
In itself had melted all;
But the Christmas time returned,
As an old friend, for whose eye
She would take down all the pictures
Sketch'd by faithful Memory.

Of those brilliant Christmas seasons,
When the joyous laugh went round;
When sweet words of love and kindness
Were no unfamiliar sound;
When, lit by the log's red lustre,
She her mother's face could see,
And she rock'd the cradle, sitting
On her own twin-brother's knee:

Of her father's pleasant stories;
Of the riddles and the rhymes,
All the kisses and the presents
That had mark'd those Christmas times
'Twas as well that there was no one
(For it were a mocking strain)
To wish *her* a merry Christmas,
For *that* could not come again.

How there came a time of struggling,
When, in spite of love and faith,
Grinding Poverty would only
In the end give place to Death;
How her mother grew heart-broken,
When her toil-worn father died,
Took her baby in her bosom,
And was buried by his side:

How she clung unto her brother
As the last spar from the wreck,
But stern death had come between them
While her arms were round his neck.
There were *now* no living voices;
And, if few hands offered bread,
There were none to rest in blessing
On the little homeless head.

Or, if any gave her shelter,
It was less of joy than fear;
For they welcomed crime more warmly
To the selfsame room with her.
But at length they all grew weary
Of their sick and useless guest;
She must try a workhouse welcome
For the hopeless and distressed.

But she prayed: and the Unsleeping
In His ear that whisper caught:
So he sent down Sleep, who gave her
Such a respite as she sought;
Drew the fair head to her bosom,
Pressed the wetted eyelids close
And, with softly-falling kisses,
Lulled her gently to repose.

Then she dreamed the angels, sweeping
With their wings the sky aside,
Raised her swiftly to the country
Where the blessed ones abide:
To a bower all flushed with beauty,
By a shadowy arcade,
Where a mellowness like moonlight
By the Tree of Life was made:

Where the rich fruit sparkled, star-like,
And pure flowers of fadeless dye
Poured their fragrance on the waters
That in crystal beds went by:
Where bright hills of pearl and amber
Closed the fair green valleys round,
And, with rainbow light, but lasting,
Were their glistening summits crown'd.

Then, that distant-burning glory,
'Mid a gorgeousness of light!
The long vista of Archangels
Could scarce chasten to her sight.
There sat One: and her heart told her
'Twas the same who, for our sin,
Was once born a little baby
"In the stable of an inn."

There was music—oh, such music!
They were trying the old strains
That a certain group of shepherds
Heard on old Judea's plain;
But, when that divinest chorus
To a softened trembling fell,
Love's true ear discerned the voices
That on earth she loved so well.

At a tiny grotto's entrance
A fair child her eyes behold,
With his ivory shoulders hidden
'Neath his curls of living gold;
And he asks them, "Is she coming?"
But ere any one can speak,
The white arms of her twin brother
Are once more about her neck.

Then they all come round her greeting;
But she might have well denied
That her beautiful young sister
Is the poor pale child that died:
And the careful look hath vanish'd
From her father's tearless face,
And she does not know her mother
Till she feels the old embrace.

Oh, from that ecstatic dreaming
Must she ever wake again,
To the cold and cheerless contrast—
To a life of lonely pain?
But her Maker's sternest servant
To her side on tiptoe stept;
Told his message in a whisper—
And she stirr'd not as she slept!

Now the Christmas morn was breaking
With a dim, uncertain hue,
And the chilling breeze of morning
Came the broken window through;
And the hair upon her forehead,
Was it lifted by the blast,
Or the brushing wings of Seraphs,
With their burden as they pass'd?

All the festive bells were chiming
To the myriad hearts below;
But that deep sleep still hung heavy
On the sleeper's thoughtful brow.
To her quiet face the dream-light
Had a lingering glory given;
But the child *herself* was keeping
Her Christmas day in Heaven!

"Oh, surer than Suspicion's hundred eyes,
Is that free sense, which, to the pure in heart,
By mere oppugnancy of their own goodness,
Reveals the approach of evil."

Miscellany.

A CHRISTMAS PIECE.

Master Pilby is a dunce. He returned from school four days ago, bringing a right hand with him that was ink-stained on the thumb and two forefingers to the second knuckle. By aid of pumice-stone, he has almost contrived to rub his little fingers white again, since he has been told that he must hold a tidy hand out to be shaken by aunts, uncles, and friends this Christmas. Bruises have faded also from his person, and a joyous inn of rest, after six months of jolting on the road to knowledge, is the poor little dunce's Christmas.

It wants an hour to dinner-time on Christmas-day, and children play about the garden-walks, noisy with health, ruddy with constant running through the clear cold air. Miss Lizzie, a sporting character of nine years old, with a fine silken mane of her own, wishes to know who will be her horse. "I want somebody who's quick," says the fast young damsel; "I'll have Tommy Pilby." Now it will be seen that, although Master Pilby, considered as a grammarian, was slow, yet was he quick and lively when considered as a horse, or, generally speaking, as a playfellow. Subjected now, therefore, to the coercion of a pair of packthread reins, and whipped severely with a lash of worsted, he is scampering and curvetting in an extraordinary manner, with Miss Lizzie at his heels, along the carriage-drive. Now near the gate, while he is forcing a whole Christmas-load of happiness into a tremendous neigh, he is confronted by a guest, no less portentous than his terrible head master. Pilby may hesitate. Miss Lizzie, with inflamed ambition, shouts as the Doctor bursts upon her, "Here's a big horse!" With astonishment does Master Pilby see the Doctor yield to the solicitations of the little maid, and thrust his arms into the noose removed from his own now liberated person. But there is a joyousness about the face of Dr. Grum which there is no distrusting, and he gives the little dunce a cheery greeting, as he limbers off clumsily enough, in answer to the "Come up!" of his mistress. But Miss Lizzie soon cries out that he is very stupid, and advertises to her playfellows that there is a horse to be disposed of. Master Pilby answers the advertisement, and joyously assumes the reins; the Doctor prances: Pilby lays about his portly person the innocuous whip, and shouts at him impatiently. "How slow you are!" The bells sounds through the garden, and the dunce and the dominie caper together in the direction of their Christmas dinner.

Elsewhere, at the same hour, a door in town is knocked at modestly by a young man, whose faded suit of black has been put on with care and neatly brushed, who has evidently laboured at his toilet to produce the utmost attainable demonstration of respectability out of the materials in his possession. To-day, if Dr. Grum were passing, he would take his usher lovingly by the hand; on any other day a friendly, condescending nod would be the Doctor's greeting. But there is one within this house who has been listening this half-hour for that modest little knock, and the poor usher knows well who is opening the door, and who it is that would kiss him as heartily as she now does every day, though every day were dreary for a thousand years, if they could live as long, and be together.

But, lest a servant come, they must not linger too long in the hall. On any other day, Papa might frown; Mamma might fret at the unprofitable match: but when they see the deep joy in their daughter's eyes, they whisper by looks to one another, that, after all, it is God's Christmas-day, and brighten the modest face of the poor usher with the affection of their welcome.

When they will marry, they commit to Him who holds love blessed to determine; but in a quiet room apart from all the Christmas guests, the maiden tells the usher how two months ago she made as many notches in a card as there were days till Christmas, and tore one off daily when she went to bed, and how her heart beat when there came to be but four—three—two; and how she prayed and feared lest accident might disappoint her when there was but one. What the usher told the maiden in reply, her heart retains to feast upon until there shall return another Christmas-day.

Here is a grand ball in the country work-house, and your Polish balls are nothing to it! All the parish schoolboys and schoolgirls have been botanizing for a whole week, and the white-washed walls of the schoolroom are superb with holly, and festoons of winter foliage and flowers. The meat is to be got over; never mind the meat—"Please, sir, may we give three cheers when the pudding comes?" No wonder they can dance; and what a lucky thing it is that schoolmaster knows how to play the fiddle! The men and women and the old crones come in, and Christmas-day, by order of the Board of Guardians, is celebrated by a workhouse ball. Real negus is served out, and the convivialities are so kept up, that the very children do not go to bed till half-past nine o'clock.

How is it with the faint-hearted little diners in the dingy room, who keep their Christmas-day at the twenty pound schools where there are no vacations? Who shall peep into the mystery?

But at Dr. Trout's, which is quite another sort of place, we know how it is. Dr. Trout and Mrs. Trout have thirteen children of their own, and a fine flourishing school into the bargain. They dine at home on Christmas-day, surrounded by old pupils and hearty friends. And there are some of those old pupils whose race in the world has caused them to become wiser, even in his own way, than the simple-hearted Doctor, and a great deal wiser in the way of what the world calls wisdom. But none of those whom he has taught regard him as an equal; all look affectionately up. Very little can a man be conscious of the worth, for good or evil, of his own mind, who does not feel something that is very earnest in the presence of another, who, whether for good or evil, has exerted a large influence upon his character. Nothing but good was ever attributed to Dr. Trout: and, therefore, his old pupils look up to him with reverent affection. Perhaps somewhat less Greek and Latin, with a little more French, German, and Italian, would have been more practically useful in the well-remembered lessons. But, never mind what the pupils learnt, if they learnt only to study and to teach themselves as they grew older. That the old Doctor taught, and taught it kindly, too: for that they loved him. What a magnificent speech the young Barrister is making, who proposes bumpers for a toast! He is a fine young fellow: and, whatever tears he may weep, hereafter, for a fee, there is a true tear of Christmas love and kindliness sparkling about his eyelash, as he proceeds, through a storm of applause, to eulogize "our dear old Teacher." Then the old Doctor rises to reply: and he must be seized with a demon—the good demon of Christmas—for he can only look utter benevolence, and stammer out, "God bless you all! I'm very happy."

Miss Twit sits at the hostess' right hand, beside a quieter, but not less friendly board. She is thin, pale, bordering on fifty. There is a sweet smile upon her face: she is inexpressibly lady-like and quiet; but, in her quietness, one feels a touch of resignation. She has but one relation, who is rich, and does not encourage her intimacy. She keeps a school; and is now dining with the parents of her eldest pupil. A very pretty, unaffected, clever girl that eldest pupil seems to be; and she sits by the schoolmistress, lovingly watchful of her wants, and forcing all good things upon her plate with child-like assiduity. It is the belief of her pupils that Miss Twit has had some great grief; and the young ladies, of course, interpret that into the fact, that she has had a lover who has died—or something of that sort; but, of course, it had to do with love. And if she had a lover ever, the young ladies say, how wonderfully she must have loved him, because they never hear her speak an unkind word of any one; and she seems to have, in all her quietness, such energy for being good and tender, that they suppose he must have died; for nobody able to love as Miss Twit must have done, could ever possibly have been deserted. So the girls think of the schoolmistress so tenderly, that it would not cost even a vixen much pains to think, in return, tenderly of them. Nor are the parents, generally speaking, less solicitous about the gentle lady, who is so attentive to their girls. Miss Twit, although quiet, will by no means be a dummy, when the curtains shall be drawn to-night, and the lamp lighted, and the parlour games begin. She is the great authority on forfeits; she knows more riddles than an elephant can carry, and they are not prim, stiff-backed things, but they have all quaint, easy answers, meant to make you laugh. As a stage-manager over the performance of acted charades, she is the wittiest and cleverest, and dearest creature, all her pupils say. Miss Twit creates marvels of happiness without much outward variation from her gentle quiet way. And those who make a happy Christmas are the folks to feel the Christmas peace; and so we need not pity Miss Twit as she sits at dinner, by the right hand of the hostess, under her eldest pupil's very busy care.

Dame Farran gets but twopence a week from the little boys and girls who learn of her what nouns are, and how much is eight times nine. The poor dame cannot see without her spectacles, and she needs them to see her Christmas mutton-chop. A tap at the door disturbs her while she is turning it over the fire, and a little fellow with "Please, ma'am, mother's love," produces a plate-full of roast goose. The mutton-chop is put by for to-morrow; and it had not reached the cupboard, before another "Mother's love" does homage to the teacher of the children, with an offering of pudding. Then there is a little rain of "Mother's love" at two o'clock: one drop is goose; two, beef; and four, pudding. Dame Farran had resolved to sit at home and think about a son far out at sea, but she could not escape the Christmas hospitality.

With whom does the French Usher dine? or does he sit at home before a sheet of writing paper, and pour love, not upon it—upon the mother or the sister vividly presented to his mind? Has he received a Christmas greeting from his distant home, which lies before him on thin rustling paper, rustling with his frequent touch, as he reads and re-reads tender words, the dew so rarely falling on his soul? Does he sit by the fire after dinner with a portrait in his hand? Does he think of a pair of blue eyes that may be bent elsewhere over a picture of himself, thinking of him as a something glorious and noble, not the mean, friendless being he is sometimes thought to be while following his daily task in England?

We are all teachers. The baby who can only lisp, has truths to teach to an attentive pupil. We are all teachers, and we are all taught, or should let ourselves be taught. A glorious Holiday in the great School of the World is Christmas-day, when, though there be teaching, still every hard task is thrust into a corner, every birch is locked up in a cupboard; and the one lesson of the day which we agree not to put from us, and even to fetch down from the shelf and learn afresh, if we should chance of late to have forgotten it, is how to make peace on earth; how to be proud enough to forgive, and humble enough to consent to be forgiven.—*Dickens Household Words*

THE CATILINE OF THE LOWER EMPIRE.

Alea jacta est. The die is cast, and on the hazard of that die is thrown the peace of France, the freedom of Europe, the progress of humanity. The long lie is now complete, and the era of the Cæsars is inaugurated at last, by perjury as foul and treason as contemptible as the gang of heartless swindlers into whose hands the destinies of a glorious nation have fallen. The era of the Cæsars is ushered in by the violence of midnight burglars, let loose by the debauched and hungry gamblers, who for three years have swarmed in the antechambers of the Elysée, and preyed on the vitals of France. It is well that the civilized world should learn to what a traitorous and ignoble usurpation France has succumbed, if indeed she has succumbed. It is not three years since M. Louis Napoleon, in the face of the Constituent Assembly, representing ten millions of free electors, swore before God and man to observe faithfully the Constitution and the laws. On the 10th of December, 1848, the Chief of the Executive laid down his powers before the majesty of the national will. Five millions of votes had carried to power the man whose name had obscured from his country's gaze the miserable conspirator of Stratsburg and Boulogne. General Cavaignac even anticipated the moment of resignation, and by that one act of dignity and self-sacrifice atoned, in some degree at least, for the iniquities of a brief and sanguinary dictatorship. Nothing in his career of power became him like the leaving of it. So noble an abdication would have pardoned even more flagrant tyranny. M. Louis Napoleon may have been carried to power partly by the brutish ignorance of peasants driven like sheep to the poll to vote (as many of them did) for the return of *the* Emperor, who was not dead, to their belief. But it was the faults of his predecessor, and the written opinions and promises of the prisoner of Ham, the professions of a large and earnest social faith, of compassion for the people's sufferings, of an ambition to amend their lot by a new organization of labour, that made the masses, failing in heart and hope, stamp their hearts on their bulletins, and name a name associated with patriotic glories and patriotic misfortunes.

M. Louis Napoleon was elected President of the French Republic. What has he done in these three years past to fulfil his promises to ameliorate the social conditions of the people, to organize labour, to encourage association, to respond to the hopes of the revolution which restored him to his country, and to a life of activity? What are the fruits of his tenure of power? He has handed over the national dignity abroad to the caprices of despotism; he is the avowed lacquey of the very tyrannies the great Napoleon crushed and humiliated; he has converted French soldiers into sbirri of priests and cardinals, to do the dirty work of obscurantist terrorism; he leagues with the autocracies of Vienna and St. Petersburg against the oppressed peoples; for a riband or a star he sells the past traditions of the French Democracy, and abjures the Republic; he sends ships to *assist* the Nero of Naples, and troops to restore the Pope. He is in all places and at every moment the mannikin of monarchies, whose favour he craves and whose pomp he apes. And at home? Every form of freedom effaced; every conquest of the Revolution suppressed; the whole country bound in a network of police spies and gendarmes; thought, speech, writing, made a crime, when not a servitude.

M. Louis Napoleon has been all his life a conspirator, and nothing more; he will die as he has lived, a conspirator against law and liberty. If he ever breathed a thought in behalf of liberty, it was, like all his acts, a miserable falsehood. If he once followed a liberating army, Heaven knows he has since more than atoned for the youthful folly by the degrading treacheries of his maturer years. Italy is no more a debtor, except for bonds and death. When he attempted to seduce the army from their allegiance at Strasburg, was it to serve his country's liberty and glory? When he let loose the tame eagles at Boulogne, was he fired with patriotic inspirations? Or was he not rather the mountebank of a name, a mere cutpurse adventurer, bankrupt in all but an inexhaustible exchequer of perjury on paper, payable at some distant date?

When the Republic was proclaimed in February, he rushed to offer his services to the Provisional Government; and when his patriotism was dispensed with, he returned to London to foment and to organize a conspiracy of which we have only now reached the denouement. It is certain that a Bonapartist plot was sowing the seeds of discontent and disaffection in May and June of that year; it was traceable in the attack on the Assembly of the 15th of May, which he was afterwards to complete, and in the terrible days of June, which he was to renew and to exceed. Before the insurrection of June, all who were in Paris may remember the Bonapartist agitation that prevailed: there had been even a skirmish at the gates of the Constituent when Lamartine denounced the plotters; and the streets of the capital were deluged with Bonapartist emblems. Many of his infamous adherents were in Paris at the time; but the threads of the conspiracy were held at London and Richmond. From June to December he conspired incessantly against the established powers. He has only now thrown off the mask, to appear once more in his true character of a debauched conspirator, surrounded by accomplices only less desperate and abandoned than himself. How is it that, ever since he has obtained the Presidency, France has been kept in perpetual apprehension of a *coup d'etat*? Have not all his addresses at Dijon, Chalons, Tours, to his last appearance in the Circus, been those of a conspirator hostile to the institutions he had sworn to protect? Has not the National Assembly been ever on the defensive? Has not civil war been ever trembling in the balance, and the sword of usurpation forever suspended over the heads of peaceful citizens? With "peace," and "order," and "tranquility" always on his lips, has he not troubled the Legislature from day to day by seditious appeals to the violence of military chiefs, to be explained away, forsooth! by stammering ministerial accomplices? We do not excuse, we scarcely know how to regret the Assembly, the insulted, betrayed, abandoned Assembly. It is hard that the crimes and errors of the majority should have destroyed the Tribune from which so many eloquent voices have so often appealed to the sympathies of free Europe against the complicities of the liberticide reaction; it is grievous to think that not only the press is extinct, but that the National Tribune is dumb. But we cannot shut our eyes to the damning fact that the Assembly was already lost in character; dead to the people's heart, impotent for all but obstruction, vacillating, contemptible; it was identified with increased taxation, with enormous budgets, with every anti-popular and anti-national measure. It was not until the President had abandoned the law which he himself had presented, proposed, and promulgated, mutilating the suffrage and undermining the basis of the national will, that the two powers became irreconcilable. All the popularity the one gained was lost by the other of the contending powers; and representative government itself is the victim of an unholy alliance and of a fatal disruption. The majority, in their blind hatred of the Republic, refused to maintain the inviolability of representatives outraged in the persons of the opposition. It was blind to the principle of reciprocal danger and mutual protection. It preferred to be depopularized by the very instrument of its reactionary legislation; and the consequence is desertion in the hour of peril by the people it had sacrificed and betrayed. What a Nemesis there is in political history!

Mark the faults committed since February, 1848! If Lamartine had not exalted the importance of M. L. Napoleon, and made a martyr of a pretender, he would have taken his place in the Constituent as a simple citizen, where he would soon have been reduced to insignificance.

If Cavaignac had not abused the doctrine of state necessity and public safety, by suspending journals and maintaining the state of siege, a most fatal precedent had been avoided. If the majority of the Constituent had not for their own purposes urged dissolution, and brought that Assembly into contempt, a fatal example had been spared!

If the majority of the Legislature had been more susceptible of the rights of the opposition, if they had brought forward liberal and popular measures, if they had given up compression, this terrible explosion had been averted.

As it is, no warning has been spared them; but they have had the courage to insult, and not to strike.

Distracted by royalist intrigues, they have been at Wiesbaden, or at Frohsdorf, or at Claremont, when Louis Napoleon was at Satory. They were aiming at a White Dictatorship; a monk for the recusitation of antediluvian thrones; and their reward is to be a bastard empire, based on a surreptitious popularity, a usurpation strengthened by a quasi return to popular principles.

But has France indeed fallen so low as to submit to the domination of outlaws and brigands? Are the traditions of sixty years of struggles, and the conquests of three revolutions to be effaced by the stroke of a perjured robber's pen? Is the man who casts all law to the winds to be suffered to attitudinize before Europe as the Saviour of Order and Society? Will the people forget the injuries, the disappointments, and the humiliations of France since December, 1848? Will they forget that the last act of this President was to consign to a desolate and deadly island, at four thousand leagues from home and country, and in the depth of winter to send, chained, tortured, and exposed to the rigors of the season, to their port of embarkation, *three political conspirators*, whose crime was to have served what they deemed the people's cause, at least as faithfully, as disinterestedly as M. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte? We conjure all who love peace, law, and order, to consider whether it is not the most frightful of anarchies that this miscreant has set up in the place of institutions, imperfect perhaps, but regular and moderate? It is the most brutal and savage of anarchies; the anarchy of the sabre and the musket; the anarchy of force, destitute of all moral sanction; the anarchy of drunken Prætorians; the anarchy of the Lower Empire. For it is to the "Lower Empire" in its most degrading and detestable sense than France is condemned.

It is this spurious Catiline, this incendiary spendthrift, who, after condemning monarchical hallucinations and "demagogical ideas," rends his country asunder in the throes of civil war, in order that out of a chaos of ruins and miseries he may raise a gilded pedestal for an insatiate ambition. Ambition, do we say. Rather, spoliation.

The debauchery, without the grace and wit of the Régence; the servitude without the genius and glory of the Empire; the miseries without the traditions of the *bon plaisir*; such is to be the inheritance of the land of noble instincts, of chivalrous impulses, of *honour!* France is to change her place in history; to be dragged at the heels of we know not what sanguinary despotism. No! it will not be. Five hundred thousand bayonets are powerless to achieve the ignominy. Louis Napoleon may parody the 18th of Brumaire, he may parody the perjuries of crowns; but the people (whose blood already, as we write, cries out for vengeance; the blood of men slaughtered in the defence of law) will point the way to the prison of his adoption—Noukahiva. The comparison and the contrast of the uncle and the nephew will be complete. But the ocean that moans around Noukahiva may even prove a more incorruptible jailer than the rock of St. Helena.—*London Leader.*

ROMAN FEASTING.

But the fullest and most curious account of Roman luxury is that given by Petronius in his "Feast of Trimalchio." This elaborate supper began with ripe and unripe olives, by way of stimulants, with which were served dormice seasoned with honey and poppy juice; sausages accompanied by Syrian plums and pomegranate seeds; and a wooden hen fashioned as if sitting on eggs, which when examined, proved to be made of paste containing each an ortolan surrounded by yolk of egg sprinkled with pepper. The second service was served entire on a round repositorium. It consisted of twelve dishes, representing the signs of the Zodiac, on each of which some emblematical article was placed; and while the guests were testifying by their abstemiousness their disappointment at such meagre fare, the upper part of the repositorium was lifted away (just as we would take off a dish cover), and exposed a goodly service of meat, game, and fish, the most noticeable articles being a hare so arraigned as to represent Pegasus; and at the four corners of the tray a statuette of a satyr pouring garum—a sauce probably very similar to our anchovy—Brillat Savarin thinks it was Soy—over fish, which in a vessel at his feet seemed to be swimming in the Euripian sea. Next followed an enormous wild sow, out of which flew a flock of live thrushes, and from whose tusks depended two palm baskets filled respectfully with Theban and Syrian dates. She was surrounded by a litter of little pigs, made from some kind of cake-paste. When this course was removed, three pigs of different ages, decorated with handsome bells, muzzles, and halters, were marched into the banquet hall, and Trimalchio having selected the largest, it was carried off to be killed, and reappeared cooked in as short a time as it would have taken an ordinary cook to prepare a fowl. But it is remarked that this pig is larger than the wild sow that had been previously served, and Trimalchio observing it intently, discovers that it had not been opened: whereupon he sends, in a towering passion, for the cook, who arrives in fear and trembling, and pleads as an excusable oversight that he had forgotten to eviscerate the animal: but Trimalchio, regarding the omission in a very serious light, desires him to strip (*despolin*), like Vatel in Scribe's admirable vaudeville of that name, who visits his son's culinary errors in the same severe manner—*Depose tes insignes, je te degrade?* Trimalchio's cook is being marched off between two torturers, when the company interceded for him, and the courteous host pardoning him at their request, orders him to open the pig, and remedy his forgetfulness in public, which, having re-donned his tunic and knife of office, he proceeds to do, when, from the first incisions, hogs puddings and sausages bound out in all directions, the servants compliment their master with loud acclamations on the success of this farce, and the cook, who had so cleverly performed his part, receives a silver garland, and the honour of drinking a goblet with the company. Then follows a boiled calf; and while the guests are engaged in dispatching him, the whole *tridinium* trembles, the ceiling cracks, and while the affrighted company are rising in consternation, a vast hoop descends through the opening, with garlands and pear-shaped boxes of perfumes attached to it: and during the time that each person is helping himself to these, a light service of cakes and fruit is placed on the table, which yield a delicious odour of saffron on being touched. This is succeeded by a course called *matteæ*, consisting of delicacies and choice dainties. In this instance it was composed of fat pullets dissected and boned, surrounded by thrushes, and goose's eggs surmounted by a paste crown. Then followed an after-course (*epidipnis*), brought in on fresh tables, containing some curious specimens of culinary achievements. Thrushes stuffed with a peculiarly light kind of wheat (*siligo*), flour, raisins, and nuts of some kind, probably walnuts. Quinces stuck full of prickles, to resemble sea-urchins, similar to that well known ornament of our own refined supper tables—a sponge-cake hedgehog, sprinkled with cut almonds. These are accompanied by a goose, various fish, and many kinds of birds, all of which Trimalchio assures his astonished guests are made out of pork by his skilful cook. This making one thing out of another was a favourite achievement, probably originating as an expedient, and perpetuated as a division, as it is related that when Nicomedes, King of Bithynia, being three hundred miles from the sea, longed for fish, his cook contrived to produce something which satisfied both his eye and his palate, so exactly did it represent the object of his desires. While the course of transformations is being examined, two slaves enter the hall, disputing with such intensity that they pay no attention to Trimalchio's remonstrances, and presently each breaks the other's *amphora*, from which oysters, and all sorts of shell-fish, roll out; these are collected by a serving-boy, and presented to the guests. The cook, so ingenious in masquerade dishes, then enters singing, carrying little shell-fish smoking hot on a silver gridiron: and this would have concluded the repast, but that just as Trimalchio is delivering a "won't go home till morning" sentiment, he is interrupted by the crowing of a cock, which is instantly caught and cooked.—*Article on Gastronomy and Civilisation in Fraser's Magazine.*

THE NORTH BRITISH, THE BRITISH QUARTERLY, AND THE PROSPECTIVE REVIEWS.

Although *The Edinburgh* still preserved a title which seemed to connect it intimately with Scotland, it had, some time before 1842, ceased to be in any sense a Scotch Review. Not only was it published in London, but its editor was an Englishman, and never in any way very peculiarly Scotch, especially under the influence of a light cosmopolitan thinker like Jeffrey, it was now in no way to be distinguished from the professedly English *Quarterly*, save by the difference of its political tone. But in 1843 there happened an event which shook Scotland from its circumference to its centre, even to the making of it subscribe two millions of money; and it must have been something that made Scotland do *that*. In the May of that year, some two or three hundred members of the General Assembly took sad and solemn leave of their old ecclesiastical parliament, and, with Dr. Chalmers at their head, proceeded to set up the "Free Kirk." Scotland was now suddenly rent asunder into two mortally hostile camps: Under which *kirk*, "Bezoolan live or die?" The chief "organ" of the disruption was an Edinburgh newspaper called *The Witness*, conducted with considerable nerve and talent by Hugh Miller, of *Old Red Sandstone* notoriety, a man great no less in theology than in geology, whom his native abilities and Lady Gordon Cunning, of Altyre, herself geological, and mother to the South-African lion-hunter, had helped up from a very humble obscurity. *The Edinburgh*, of course, looked coldly, and *The Quarterly* inimically on the seceders; and the friendly zeal in their behalf of Mr. John Robertson, in the pages of *The Westminster*, was of too purely secular a kind for the chiefs of the Free Kirk. After two years, when it had been found that the most potent furtherer of the secession was not any minister, however eloquent, or any layman, however influential, but a mere newspaper like *The Witness*, it was resolved to start a quarterly organ, and to call it *The North British Review*. Noblemen and gentlemen, enthusiastic for the Free Kirk, like the Marquis of Breadalbane, and Mr. Campbell of Monzi, subscribed a portion of the needful. Mr. Blackie, the Glasgow publisher, and Mr. Cowan, the Edinburgh paper-maker, gave their aid. It was this Mr. Cowan that ousted Macaulay at the last Edinburgh election. He guaranteed the carrying on of the speculation for a certain period. Whether it was paper of his own manufacture that was to be used is unknown to Herodotus Smith.

A Dr. Welch, who had suffered losses in the cause of the Free Kirk, who was a writer in *The Edinburgh Review*, and the biographer of Dr. Thomas Brown, was pitched upon for the editor. Indeed, it was something done to him that heated the Free Kirk enthusiasm so as to boil over and form *The North British Review*. Dr Welch, when the disruption took place, was "Moderator,"—that is, President or Speaker of the General Assembly, Professor of Church History in the University of Edinburgh, and Secretary, with a salary of five hundred pounds per annum, to the Scotch Bible Board. At the secession, he, of course, cheerfully surrendered the Moderatorship and the Professorship, but saw no reason to surrender the lucrative Secretaryship, of which, however, Sir James Graham took the liberty of forcibly relieving him. Whereon *The North British* was hastened into existence. Welch was a man of ability and tact, and began operations with a promising staff of veterans and others. He did not fall into the error which, in his circumstances, might have easily been committed, that of making his review too theological. His great gun, Dr. Chalmers himself, fired off articles chiefly on politico-economical subjects, his first being one on Sterling's *Philosophy of Trade*; but his most famous was that on Morrell's *History of Philosophy*, which was considered as an annihilating manifesto against Continental speculation. In physical science, the biographies of its heroes, and books of scientific travel, Sir David Brewster, the noted *savant*, was mainly depended on; he wrote the papers on Cuvier, Humboldt's *Cosmos*, Watt, Cavendish, and the like, and is still a contributor. Hugh Miller led off his series of performances by a vivid paper in which herring-fishing was made poetical. Mr. Moncrieff, now Lord Advocate, reviewed Jeffrey's *Essays* the first of a set on the light literature of the day. Dr. Heugh, of Glasgow, recommended "Christian Union," and Welch himself dealt with Archbishop Whatley. Among the early contributors too, if we are not mistaken, was Dr. Samuel Brown, of Edinburgh, a singular and gifted individual. With the zeal of an old alchymist (but with a purer enthusiasm), he has been occupied many years in endeavouring to effect the mutual transmutation of some of the primary chemical elements, and by some of the good people of Edinburgh is looked upon as one in search of the phiosopher's stone. He is a man, however, of sane, clear, and subtle understanding, of varied accomplishment, and deeply versed in his own science, the chair of which, in Edinburgh University, he narrowly missed attaining. He sometimes lectures with success in public; he published a good many years ago, a series of tracts by "Victorious Analysis," with a high and beautiful meaning, and more recently the tragedy of *Galileo Galilei*; and so he lives on there, in Edinburgh, with one believing and helpful disciple, a life of scientific romance, in an age of scientific prose. But to return. In religion, the aid had been secured of the well known Isaac Taylor, the author of *The Natural History of Enthusiasm*. So that, on the whole, *The North British Review* started under good auspices, and with very fair promise of success.

Dr. Welch died the year after he had commenced the labours of Editorship, and it passed into the hands, for a short time, of Mr. E. Maitland, an Edinburgh advocate, whence it was received by Dr. Hanna, the biographer and son-in-law of Dr. Chalmers; so that three of our chief reviews were being conducted by sons in-law of distinguished men—*The Quarterly*, by Mr. Lockhart, a son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott's; *The Edinburgh*, by Mr. Empson, a son-in-law of Lord Jeffrey's; *The North British* by Dr. Hanna, a son-in-law of Dr. Chalmer's; while a son of James Mill was editing *The London and Westminster*. So powerful in literature, even, is the hereditary principle! Somewhat more than a year ago, *The North British* ceased to be edited by Dr. Hanna, and was transferred to Professor Fraser, its present conductor. This gentleman is the son of an Argyleshire minister, was educated for the Scotch Church at Edinburgh University, where he was a favourite student of Dr. Chalmers, whom he followed into the Free Kirk to become Professor of Logic in its metropolitan college. In England as well as in Scotland *The North British* is said to be doing well among reviews, not at present a very prosperous class of publications. In politics, its principles are liberal; it recognises the interest and importance of the new social theories, without committing itself to any of them. It acknowledges the right of the State to supervise industrial arrangements and tends towards the advocacy of a general system of education, although its religious views are orthodox, without, however, being sectarian. In addition to the contributors already named, we can mention that most shrewd and hearty observer, Mr. Samuel Laing, the Norway tourist; Principal Cunningham, and Professors Fleming and McDougall of Edinburgh; Dr. Hamilton, the earnest minister of the National Scotch Church in Regent's Square; Dr. Kitto, versed in Palestine; Thomas de Quincey, who has contributed some half dozen articles or so, among them a striking one on Pope; the Rev. Charles Kingsley, the author of *Alton Locke*, whose hand we recognised mauling Festus-Bailey; and Mr. Anthony Panizzi, the Librarian of the British Museum, who writes upon Italian literature and Italian affairs, and in a review of Sir Harris Nicolas's *Nelson Despatches*, is said to have "settled" the question whether our naval hero was right or wrong in hanging some Neapolitan prince or other. Indeed, the library of the British Museum sends more than one contributor to *The North British*. Thus Mr. John Jones lately explained in its pages the system pursued in his own department, and there, too, figures Mr. Coventry Patmore, whose ingenious and subtle essays on architecture are, we confess, more to our taste than his poetry. Last, not least, among the contributors to *The North British*, is Mr. David Masson, a searching and meditative writer, chiefly on social topics, yet the critic, too, of Wordsworth and Carlyle's *Latter-Day Pamphlets*. But stop—we are forgetting one of the cleverest articles that have been recently published in any review—that on "The Literary Profession," which appeared about a year ago, and is from the pen of a Mr. John W. Kaye, of whom we are likely to hear more.

It had been one of the designs of *The North British* to secure the support of the English Dissenters, but this was soon found to be impossible. Doctrinally, there was no great difficulty, but a radical difference of opinion on ecclesiastical polity presented an insuperable obstacle. The Free Kirk was friendly to the principle of an Establishment, the great bugbear of English Dissenters, or at least of English dissenting *laymen*. Stimulated by the apperrance of *The North British*, some wealthy English Dissenters founded *The British Quarterly Review*, the first number of which came out in February, 1845, then, as now, under the Editorship of Dr. Vaughan. The Doctor (a man surely of more energy and industry than parts) is the Principal of the Lancashire Independent College, a leader of the Congregational dissenters, and formerly preached in a chapel at Kensington. He is said to have been patronized, when in London, by the Duchess of Sutherland and the late Lord Spencer and it may easily therefore be supposed that he makes some figure in Lancashire, where he is a frequent preacher, and an orator no less—in this latter capacity mainly on behalf of Kossuth, Liberty, and that sort of thing. He writes a great deal in his own review, and chiefly with the aim of diminishing the influence of such living authors of renown as he considers, from their insinuating scepticism, dangerous to the faith of the rising generation. The more marked of his papers in this branch are those on Theodore Parker, Emerson, and Carlyle. Yet an article from his pen in one of the earliest numbers of his review, entitled "The Priesthood of Letters," said a good many things which were looked on by his friends as far too bold. In theological and biblical literature he has had the assistance of Dr. Davidson, likewise of the Independent College. In political and social economy, a good deal has been done by that striking personification of prosperous mediocrity, Mr. Edward Baines, the editor of *The Leeds Mercury*. Mr. Edwards, formerly of the British Museum, and now at the head of the Manchester Free Library, contributed an instructive paper on public libraries. And here, too, in these dashing sketches of Macaulay, Carlyle, and D'Israeli, do we not once more recognise the hand of the omnipresent Mr. Lewes?

The same month of the same year that witnessed the birth of *The British Quarterly*, welcomed to the light the first number of *The Prospective Review*, the organ of English Unitarianism, as the other is of orthodox dissent. This small and modest-looking publication has been and is managed by a trio of Lancashire Unitarian ministers, the Rev. John James Tayler of Manchester, and the Rev. Messrs. Thom and Martineau of Liverpool. In general talent, although it is of a refined rather than of a vigorous kind, Mr. Tayler is considered to stand at the head of his class; and certainly none of his brethren have produced a work displaying as much acumen as his *Retrospect of the Religious Life of England*, although as sermons many Unitarians would rank Mr. Martineau's *Endeavours after the Christian Life*, higher than Mr Tayler's *Christian Aspects of Faith and Duty*. But we must leave these questions of precedency to more competent judges, and conclude with saying, that while *The Prospective*, by the nature of the case, circulates almost exclusively among the sect of whose doctrines it is the organ, yet it occasionally contains articles on neutral topics which, from their calm elegance of style and discriminating intellectuality, might be perused with pleasure by even the most orthodox.—*The London Critic.*

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

The late Mr. Basil Montagu, Q. C., whose death, at the advanced age of 82, is recorded to have occurred at Boulogne-sur-Mer, on the 27th ultimo, was formerly a commissioner in bank